

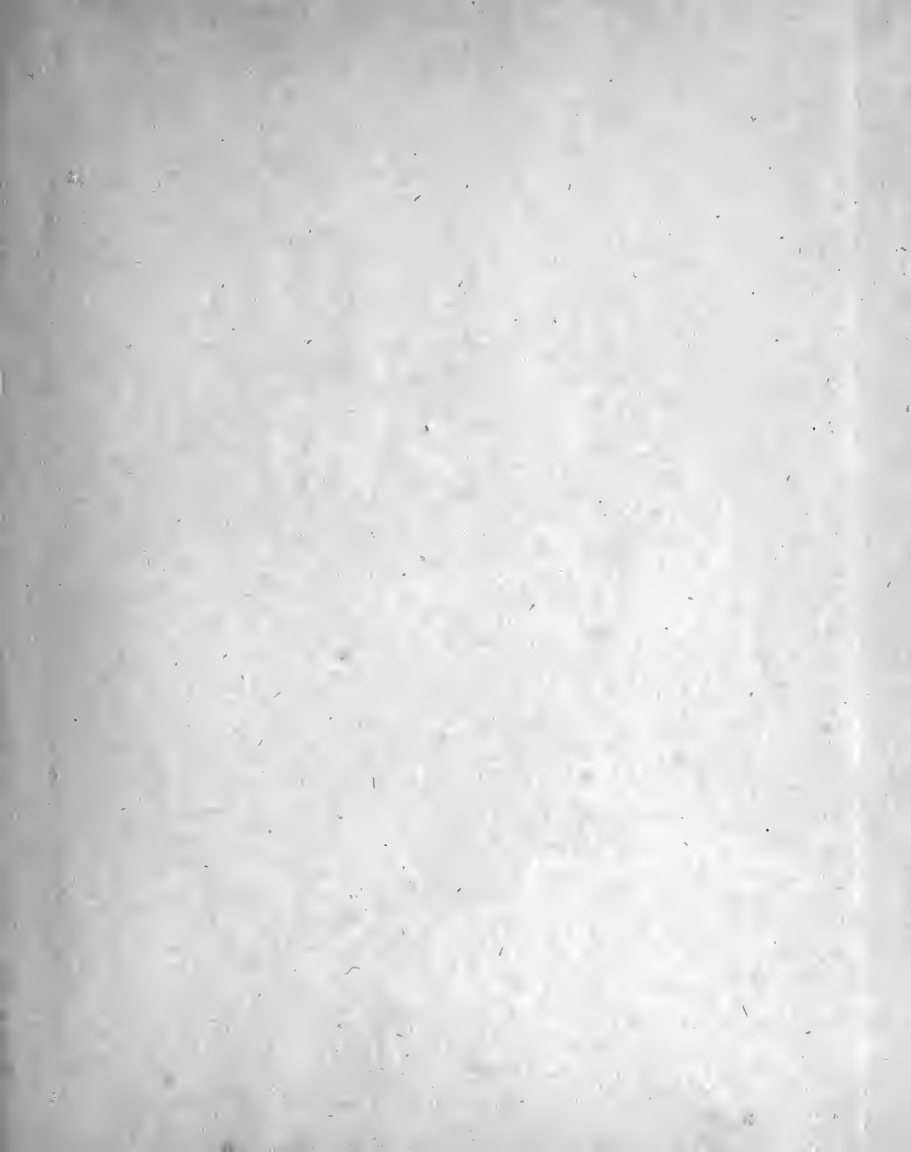


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LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.



IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE,

BY

MRS. HELEN W. PIERSON,

AUTHOR OF ONE SYLLABLE HISTORY OF "UNITED STATES," "ENGLAND," "FRANCE,"
"GERMANY," AND "LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS."

WITH

EIGHTY-TWO ETCHINGS, BY EDWIN FORBES.

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PREFATORY.

IT will be readily understood, that, even in a One Syllable History, names must be given that do not come under that rule. The past tense and plurals have also been used, but with these exceptions, this Life of Napoleon will be found a strictly One Syllable Book.

The story, of the brave and fearless men who helped Napoleon in his victories, has only been touched on, as there was no space for it. But the children, who read this Life in small words, can find the famous record of these heroes when able to master the more difficult pages of larger works.

H. W. P.

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LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

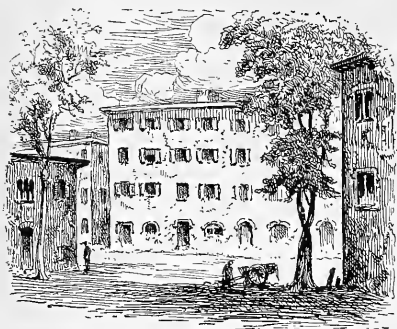


CHAPTER I.

WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

IF you should set sail in a ship, on the sea that bathes the south shore of France, you could reach the Isle of Cor-si-ca, where Na-po-le-on first saw the light. If you should land on that shore, you could still find the house where he lived. You might walk on the lawn where he used to play, and you could see the place where the shrubs now run to wild waste, on the plot of ground where the boys and girls who were to be kings and queens, dug with their spades, and raked the earth on the seeds they sowed, and watched their plants grow.

All who joined in the gay sports there are gone now. Each voice that rang out from rock to rock in that wild place, is now hushed in death, but the tale of Na-po-le-on's life from that birth-place, to his last days on the lone Isle of St. He-le-na, is what we will try to tell you in short words in this book.



BIRTH-PLACE OF NA-PO-LE-ON.

Cor-si-ca was owned by the French when Na-po-le-on was born. When he grew so old that he could learn just how they won it he had no love for them, and did not like to be called French. Ma-dame Bo-na-parte was left by the death of her spouse, to bring up her eight boys and girls with small means. But she had a strong mind and a firm will, and they learned that her will was law. They lived in a house near the sea-shore where they had all the sports to be found at such a place. They could wade in the pools with bare feet, pick up bright shells, find the strange hued sea-weed, ride on the back of a kind old dog that they owned, or play at feasts in a cave in the rock which still bears Na-po-le-on's name. It is said that he would steal off from their plays, to this cave with his book, and lie there for hours. He loved to gaze at the sea spread out in front of him, or the blue sky, and to dream his own dreams.

He was not so fond of play as the rest. He did not care for fun, he was not frank or kind ; his will was so



READ-ING IN THE CAVE.

strong that he wished to rule in all the games, and the rest did not like it. They were not fond of him, though they felt that he knew more than they did. Joseph, the first born, was a mild boy who had not much force of mind, and Na-po-le-on ruled

him. He bore pain when a child, in a strange, firm way, for he shed no tears.

He liked to hear tales of war, and his toys were of the kind that stirred his heart. He would leave bat, or ball, or kite, to set his toy troops in rank, and sweep them away with his toy gun. He would sit for hours, while he played that the mock foe fled from him, and their mock dead lay on the ground.

Ma-dame Bo-na-parte was quite poor. A kind old man, near kin to her, let them stay in the house where they lived, for they did not own it. They had food and clothes, but the boys knew what it was to want. There was no cash to spare in that house. When they asked their old friend for it he would say, "I have land, vines, beasts and fowl, but I have no gold."



PLAY-ING SOL-DIER.

Na-po-le-on one day made a great find, no less than a bag full of gold coins hid on a shelf.

So the next time their old friend said this he gave the bag a sly tip, and out rolled the bright coin to all parts of the room. Oh! what a shout was set up, what loud laugh rang out on all sides.

“It is not gold, of course, since you say you have none” said Na-po-lè-on, “so I am sure you will give us these bright, round things which are of no use. They will do to play with.”

The old man was so choked that he could not speak. But Ma-dame Bo-na-parte came in just then and frowned on the sport. So the young folks had to pick up the gold and put it baek in the bag.

When Na-po-le-on was ten years old, he left his home to go to school in Par-is. It was hard for him to part from all he loved, and when Ma-dame Bo-na-parte held him in her arms, and gave him the last kiss he burst in tears. He was an odd child, and had not wept much



FIND-ING THE GOLD.

in his life, but now his heart was sore. He did not dream, as he gazed on the thronged streets, of Par-is, that one day they would ring with his name, and that the proud kings and queens of the world would bow to him.

He was in France at last, the land of the race he had learned to hate. He did not speak French, and he felt as though he had no friends. Oh! how he longed for the dear isle by the sea, and the loved ones he had left.

He was poor too and proud, and the sons of the great Lords of France looked down on him. They wore rich clothes, and they had gold to spend. Na-po-le-on wore a plain suit and had no coin in his purse. They sneered at his dress, and at his want of gold, but his pride was as great as theirs. "I hate those French," he said with scorn one day, "and when I can, I will do them harm."

You see he was by no means a meek boy, and his wrong roused him to long to pay back all he had borne. He worked hard at his books, while the rest drank and played games. He did not waste his time, but spent his

days and part of his nights with his books, so that he took high rank from the first. He was most fond of the books that taught men how to rule, or told of the past, and of each race that has lived, and worked, and fought, and passed out of sight. There was one book in verse, that told of old wars that he liked best of all. The man who wrote it was named Ho-mer. Na-po-le-on wrote home "With my sword by my side, and Ho-mer

with me, I hope to carve my way through the world."

The youths at the school found that he would not join in their games, and they left him to his books. He learned all he could of the lives of great men, and scenes in the tales of Greece and Rome. The bold deeds of brave men thrilled his

heart. He thought a day lost in which he had not learned some new thing.

He was not loved by the rest of the boys in the school, for he was too stern and fond of his own way. The wish to rule was as strong in him then as when he



THE STUDENT.

grew to be a man. He had a fine head, a clear, dark skin, and keen eyes, whose glance seemed to pierce one through. Each boy at this school, at Bri-enne, had a small plot of ground for his own use. Na-po-le-on set out trees in his small field.



MA-KING THE GAR-DEN.

First, he threw up the ground, and made a sort of camp. In the midst of this, he made a sort of grot, where he could be screened from the gaze of all, and read, and think in peace.

All his thoughts at that time were of war. Young men were taught in those days, that the path of fame led through seas of blood. They did not care for the law of God, or the great law of "peace on earth, good will to men," that Christ had laid down. They did not think that one day they would stand at the bar of God and tell of their deeds. They looked on death as a long sleep from which none should wake. This life was all, and death was the end.

It was in such a school of thought that Na-po-le-on was reared. France had no God. It is not strange

then that he did not care much for his own life, or for the lives of his men when he was at the head of his troops. He had not been taught the true worth of life. It was a small thing then to him that men should eat, drink, and sleep a few years more or less, when he thought he had a great work to do for the race.

When the cold months came, so much snow fell, that the walks were blocked up, and the boys did not know what to do in doors.



BUILD-ING THE FORT.

“Let us make a snow fort,” said Na-po-le-on; “that will pass the time.”

He had learned the art well, and he was put at the head of the band. The fort rose, and was built in the strict rules of art. The high white walls were so grand that the folks of Brienne came in crowds to look at them.

Na-po-le-on made two bands of the boys, one to hold the fort, and one to try and take it from them. For

weeks this war went on, for the cold held the fort fast and strong. In the heat of the fight, when the balls of snow flew thick and fast, boys on both sides were struck.



STORM-ING THE FORT.

One boy, who did not mind Na-po-le-on's call, was felled by him to the earth, and bore a scar through all his life. When years had passed, and Na-po-le-on sat on the throne of France, this boy sought to see him. He was a poor man, and life had been hard for him, so he hoped for help from the old school friend, who had climbed to such a high place. At first Na-po-le-on did not know the name.

"Sir," said one, "he says he has a deep scar on his head that was made by your hand."

"Ah," said Na-po-le-on with a smile, "I know quite well what that scar means. It was made by an ice ball that I hurled at his head. Let him come in." The poor man came in, and Na-po-le-on granted all he asked.

Na-po-le-on stayed at the school in Bri-enne for five years. Once, when near the end of his life, he found that he was on that same plain of Bri-enne, where he had built his fort of snow. He sought out an old dame from whom the boys had been used to buy milk and fruits.

"Did you know a boy named Bo-na-parte who used to go to this school," he asked: "Oh, yes, quite well," she said.

"Did he pay you at all times for what he bought?" "Yes," said the old dame, "he made the rest of the boys pay me too. He would not let them cheat me." "Well, here is a purse of gold," said Na-po-le-on, "so that if there should be a debt left, this will make all right."

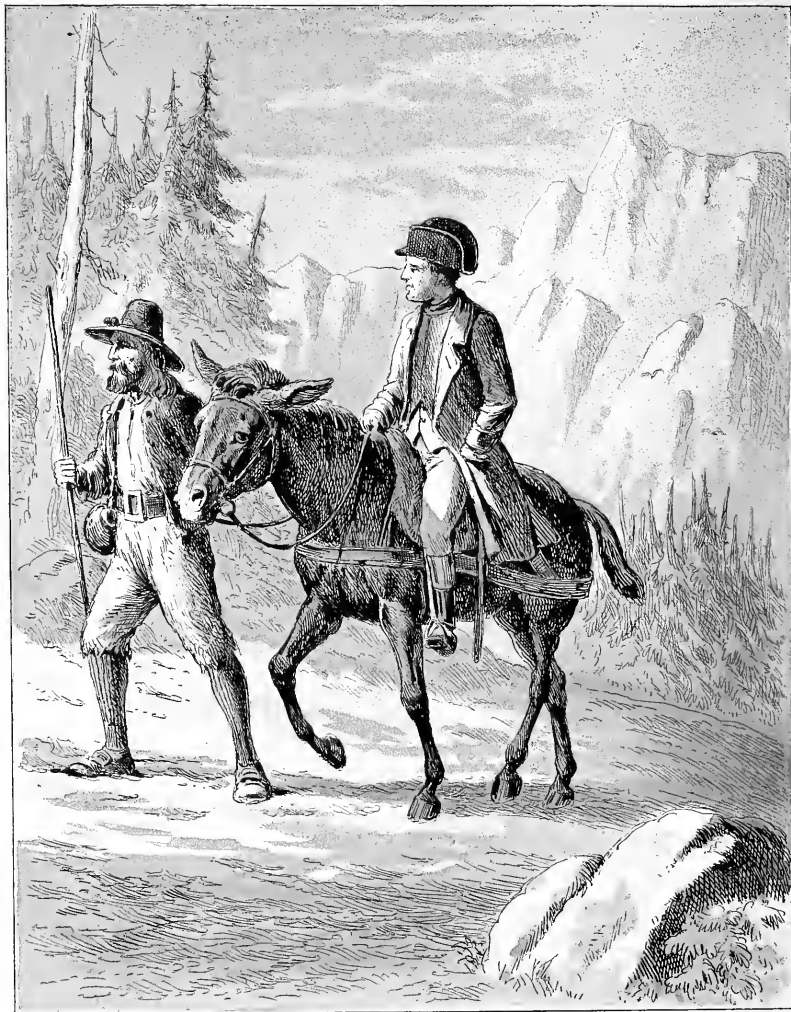
He had a kind thought for



NA-PO-LE-ON AND THE OLD WO-MAN
OF BRI-ENNE.

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I.—NA-PO-LE-ON CROSS-ING THE ALPS.

all his old friends at the school of Bri-enne. The man who taught the boys to write could not make him learn to write a good hand. Na-po-le-on's thoughts came so fast that his pen could not keep up with them. One day, long years from that time, a poor old man in a worn coat was brought to him. "Who are you," asked Na-po-le-on. "I taught you to write at Bri-enne," said the old man.

"Taught me to write," laughed Na-po-le-on, "nice work you made of it, too," but he gave the old man what would keep him from want for the rest of his days.

The three boys who had done the best and stood in the first rank at Bri-enne were sent to a school in Par-is. It was a grand school where the sons of lords were sent. Each boy had a groom to tend to his horse, to brush his boots, and wait on him. Na-po-le-on did not think that this was the way to train men for war. He wrote to those at the head of the school and said, that the boys should groom their own steeds and clean their arms, and learn to know what it was to toil, if they were to fight for their land in the days that were to come. He was still more fond of books than of sport, and once at some feast he was joked at his want of life, as he did not join with the rest, in dance or song. "It is not by play that

a *man* is formed," he said. The gay youths thought him stern, and left him to his books, and he soon stood first in rank in the school.



PUSS IN BOOTS.

When quite young, he was placed where he longed to be, in the troops of his land. He was a mere boy, and he had some pride in his dress, part of which was a pair of great boots. He was so small that a young girl burst in a laugh as she saw him, and said that he looked for all the world like "Puss in Boots." The joke was too just not to be felt, but Na-po-le-on did not keep a spite for the young girl who had made the jest. In a few days he gave her the book, "Puss in Boots," done up in great style.

His pay was quite small, and he was poor, but he had no wish to go to gay haunts or to waste what he had. He was thought proud, by most, but there were a few who loved him, and felt that there were great things in store for him.

CHAPTER II.

HOW HE WENT TO WAR.

THE boy Na-po-le-on had grown now to man's age, when he went to spend a month on the Isle where he had played as a child. He chose a room where he would not hear the sounds of the house, and there with his books spread out, he spent his days and nights in toil. He seemed to know that "the heights by great men reached and kept," were gained but by toil while the rest slept. He wrote at that time a book of the lives of great men who had lived in Cor-si-ca. War broke out in France, and each day brought some fresh tale of woe. It was a war on the great. The poor folk, who had been ground down so long by the rich, had grown wild and were like mad men. They rose in crowds a vast mob, and with yells and hoarse cries made their way to the grand home of the King. They were most of them half drunk, and did not know what they did. They broke down the doors and swarmed through the rooms till they found the King. They put on his head a red cap which they used as a badge, and then they



THE KING AND THE RED CAP.

showed him to the crowd. Na-po-le-on, who had not been fond of kings, saw this sight and it made his blood boil. "The vile mob," he cried, "they should have been swept down with grape shot, that would soon have put them to flight." Na-po-le-on had not held with the rights of kings. He thought that men should vote for those they wished to rule them, but the sights he saw made him change his mind. He found out what mobs were like, when he saw this one drive the king and queen

forth with shouts, and vile jests, and shoot down the guards that wished to save them. Then they marched through the streets, with the heads of those they had killed on the points of their pikes. France was full of



THE MOB IN THE STREETS OF PAR-IS.

scenes of woe. The rich and the great fell, and the streets were drenched in blood. This time was called the "Reign of Terror," and has been known by that name to this day. Those who did not think as the mob did, lost their heads. The king and queen had their

heads cut off, and the mob ruled France. They said they fought for their rights for a free land like America, where each man had fair play, and could vote.

Na-po-le-on showed that he was a brave man from the first, and so he rose in rank. He shared all the toils of his men. He slept but a few hours at night, and then wrapped in his cloak would pace the camp to see that all was right. He would stand in the midst of a storm of shot and shell, and throw up works in the face of the foe. Once when the foe fired on his works, he called for some one who could write. A young man stepped out from the ranks, and wrote down what Na-po-le-on wished, when a ball from the foe struck the ground but a few

feet from them, and threw the earth on them both, and on the note. "Thank you," said the young man, with a laugh, "we shall need no more sand on this page." Na-po-le-on liked the pluck of this young man, and fixed his keen eye on

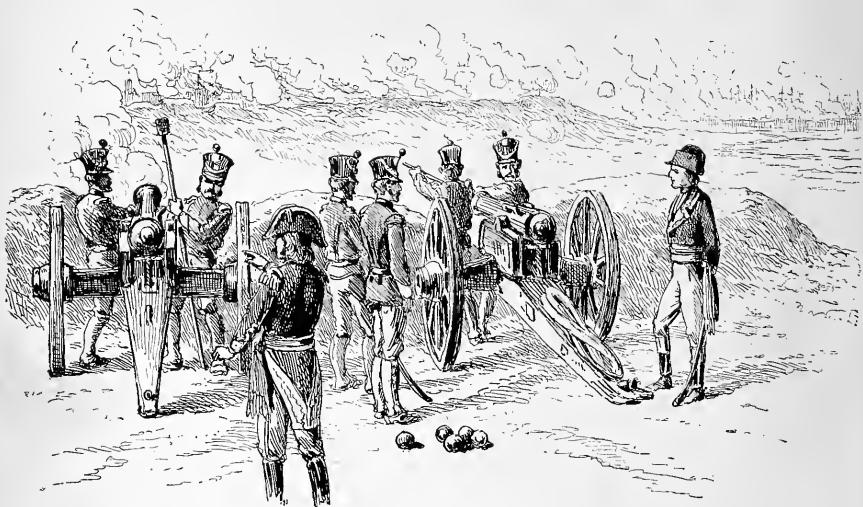


THE AID AND THE CAN-NON BALL.

him. "Young man," he said, "what can I do for you?" "All things," said the youth, "you can help me rise." Na-po-le-on did in time make this brave youth one of his chiefs in war. His name was Ju-not.

Na-po-le-on's first fight was at Tou-lon in 1793. It was in the midst of the night, and there was a cold storm of wind and rain. The Eng-lish held the place and shot and shell poured in on them. In the midst of the storm, the French marched up to the mouth of the Eng-lish guns, and were mown down like grass in the way of the scythe. But still they did not give up, and Na-po-le-on rode here and there to cheer them. He risked his own life, and his plans were found to be the true ones in the end, for he took Tou-lon. "It was," says Scott, "on this night of fear, and tears, and blood, that Na-po-le-on's star first rose in the sky."

Who can paint that scene? The hot shells set fire to the town, and as they fell, babes in their beds were torn limb from limb. There were cries and shrieks from those who sought to fly, and from those who drew their last breath in pain. And all the time the wind howled and a cold rain drenched the streets. When the sun rose a sad scene met the eye. The streets of Tou-lon were red with blood, and the dead lay in piles, the fires still blazed,

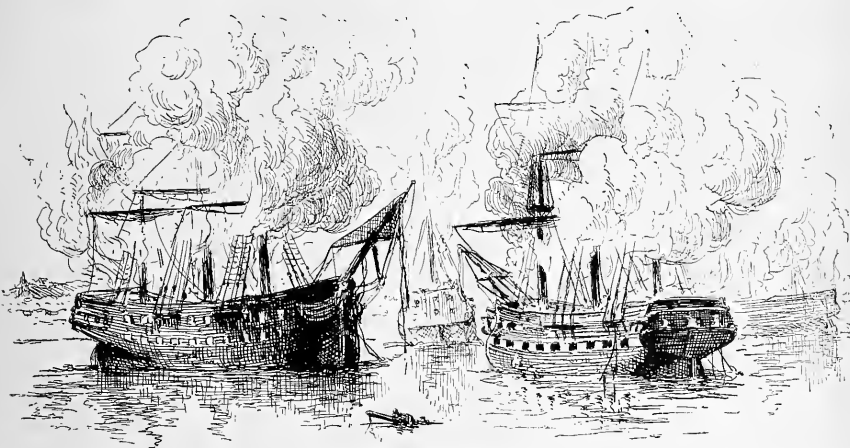


THE SIEGE OF TOU-LON.

and the shells still burst in their midst.

Na-po-le-on did not rest, but sought at once to send his balls in to the Eng-lish ships to drive them off. When Lord Howe saw the red, white and blue flag float from the heights of Tou-lon, he knew his cause was lost, and he made a sign for the fleet to move. The Eng-lish had come there to help that part of the French folk who wished to have a king. Na-po-le-on led that part of the French who did not want a king. The men of rank who had sought to hide in the town of Tou-lon,

feared him and his troops when they saw that the Eng-lish would leave them to their fate. It was a sad scene. The Eng-lish took all the French boats they could get, and set a fire ship in the midst of them. At ten the torch was touched to it. The night was dark and still. The flames burst forth, and all the scene was bright as



BURN-ING THE FLEET.

the noon. There were the boats where the balls fell fast, the crowd on the quays that shrieked and cried in fright, and the troops that howled round the walls of the town like wolves who sought their prey. Men were torn from their loved ones, and wife or child ran to and

fro on the beach with cries of fright. But at last the fleet sailed off with its maimed freight, and Na-po-le-on marched in to Tou-lon with the troops that had gained the day. They were drunk with joy. He did what he could to keep them from acts of crime, but for days there were sad scenes in that doomed place. The troops turned to a wild mob that sacked the stores, and took all the gold they could find. One old man, deaf and blind, was hung so that they could get his wealth. "When I



SACK-ING THE TOWN.

saw this," said Na-po-le-on, "I felt as if the end of the world was at hand." These men who fought to be free from the rule of kings, were more hard of heart than the kings that had ruled them. They stopped at no crime, and Na-po-le-

on's heart grew sick as he saw their mad deeds.

He had shown that he was so brave in this fight, that he was sent to the coast of the south of France, to guard it from the fleet of Eng-land. He went to work with a

will. He climbed each high point of land, and stopped not to rest, though cold storms of wind and rain swept the bleak hills. Drenched with rain, wrapt in his cloak, he lived on the same coarse fare that the poor ate, and gave but few hours to sleep. He grew pale and wan with his work. When it was done he joined the troops at Nice. He wore a grey great coat, a plain round hat, and great boots, that did not fit his feet. His form was slight, and his hands as small as a girl's. His eye was bright, and he had a smile that won him friends. Some one said to his chief, "where did you pick up that bit of a man, and what is his name." "I picked him up at the siege of Tou-lon, where he helped us win the day," said the chief. "His name is Bo-na-parte, and one day

you will see that this bit of a man is great, in the true sense of the word."

The French in Nice had the Aus-tri-ans for foes on all sides of them. As soon as Na-po-le-on came, he formed a plan that made them fly. Ere long the French held each pass, and



NA-PO-LE-ON AT NICE.

their flags waved in the breeze, from the tops of three of the Alps.

Though Na-po-le-on was not at the head of the troops yet, his mind ruled. Just at this time he was called back to Par-is, on a false charge. The court set him free, but took his rank from him. This was such a blow to his pride that he would not serve at all, but joined Madame Bo-na-parte who lived at Mar-seil-les. He soon tired of a life like this. The troops in the Alps had met with hard luck, and at last some one thought of the young man who had shown so much sense and skill. Par-is was in a bad state, and things grew worse each day. Mob rule was more hard to bear than king rule. The mob split in parts and each wished to rule. There was no trust in

God, no church, no priest. On the gates of the grave yards, they wrote these words, "Death is a long sleep." They had no hope of a world to come, and there seemed no hope for them here. The rich did not know what it was to starve for



THE CEM-E-TE-RY GATE.

lack of bread, or freeze in the cold nights with no bed but a heap of straw. "What do they want," asked a fair maid of high rank, when she heard the hoarse cries of the mob. "They want bread" said some one near. "Dear me," she cried "if they can't get bread why do they not eat cake."

CHAPTER III.

HOW HE PUT DOWN THE MOB.

The folks of France who had got rid of their King and Queen, did not know what sort of rule they wished. At last, part of them met and said they would have five chiefs, whom they would call Di-rect-ors. This was the best plan that had yet been formed. They had Par-is set off in wards, as in our own town, and let the folks go to the polls, and vote on this plan. They gained it by but two votes, but the mob, that was at all times glad of a chance to break out, rose in a mass to fight it out. The troops on their side were not slow to do their part. They were well drilled, and when the first gun was fired by the mob, a huge crowd surged through the streets.

The men who had formed the plan for "Direct-ors," were in a state of great fright. They had but a small band to meet the mob, and they could not feel sure of them. It was an hour of great gloom. A mild, good man was put at the head of the troops, but he had not the strength or nerve for such a work, and his men fell back when they saw the size of the mob. This made the mob bold, for they thought the troops would not dare to fire on them. The chief at the head of the troops was changed, but all felt that the one who lead them must face death. Then some one spoke of Na-po-le-on. "I know the one who can help us if there is help in man," was said. Na-po-le-on was there at the time, and the eye of him who spoke chanced to light on him. He called him out and showed him to the House. Na-po-le-on looked so small and young that he seemed a mere youth, and those who looked at him could not help some doubts.

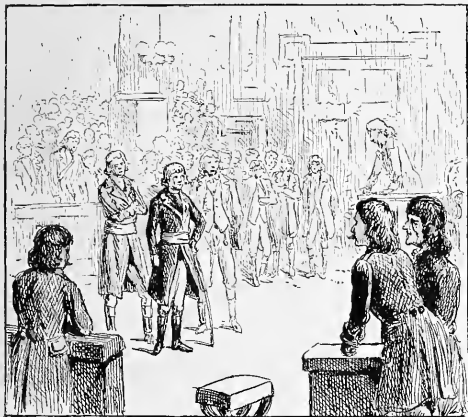
"Will you take the charge" they asked.

"I will" said Na-po-le-on.

"Do you know all the risks?"

Na-po-le-on fixed his keen eye on him who spoke, with a glance that few could meet and not quail. "I know them" he said, "and I can do the task."

His tone stirred the House.



NA-PO-LE-ON GIV-IN COM-MAND OF THE TROOPS.

“But I must do all in my own way,” he went on to say, “I must not be bound down with rules.”

There was no time to pause, and they gave in to him at once.

He was prompt to act. He seized the guns that were in a place five miles from

Par-is, and put them in place, so that they could sweep, with grape-shot, all the streets that led to the House.

He knew that there were great odds in his way, but he showed ere long that his plan was a good one. When the light of morn dawned, the place was like a camp. He had posted his guns, so that each street and bridge was guarded, in a way that none could march through them; he was so calm and bold that his troops felt the same. The few words he spoke fired their hearts, and they felt that they must do or die.

The bells rang out, and the drums beat in all parts of the town. The mob, in a black mass, made a start



THE MOB ON THE MARCH.

for their march on those who sat in the House. They would fight the men, who had dared to seek to make a plan to rule them, that they did not like. On they came from all parts, with flags flung out, and the beat of drums. They were sure they would win the day, for they had such crowds in their ranks. They did not think that the few troops of Na-po-le-on, would dare stand in their way, so they came on right in the sweep of the grape shot. They fired first, and that was a sign for Na-po-le-on to act. In a flash, a great storm of grape shot swept the thronged streets. The dead fell in stacks, and the mob stopped. The storm of shot went on, and



DRIVING THE MOB WITH GRAPE SHOT.

the mob turned and fled. In less than an hour the foe was not to be found. Then Na-po-le-on sent to all parts of Pa-ris, and took the guns from the men, so that they could not fight. He had the dead borne to their last homes, and those who had wounds sent where they would have care. Then with pale brow and calm mien, he went back to his place. He had gained the day, and the Di-rect-ors ruled Par-is.

He was now famed, and kept his high rank. His first act was to place Mad-ame Bo-na-parte where he could take care of her. From that hour he did all he could for his kin, and he has been much blamed for it.

Some of them did not do well, in the high place he gave them. Some that he put on thrones did not rule in a wise way, but that was not his fault. He found that he was in a hard place. Nought was fixed, and crowds of men had been thrown out of work. They stalked through the streets in grim ranks, with cries for "bread or blood." He did what he could to feed them. Once a fish wife, who looked large and well fed, called out to him in the street, "Oh, they don't care if we poor folks all starve, if they can but feed well, and grow fat."

"Look at me," said Na-po-le-on, who was thin and spare, "tell me, my good dame, which is the more fat of the two?"

But Par-is was in a sad state. The shops were closed, all work was at an end, and it seemed as if the poor must starve. The rich took the wrecks of their wealth that were left them, and fled from the town. There was no law, save that preached by the guns of Na-po-le-on. He went to all parts of the town, caused bread and wood to be sent to the poor, and did all that he could for them. One day a poor wife, with a dead child in her arms, spoke to him. "He starved to death," she said, "and there are five more at home who will go the same way. If no one will help me, I must take them



NA-PO-LE-ON AND THE WO-MAN AND BA-BY.

all and drown them, for I can not bear their cries for bread; I, too, can find a home with them in death."

Na-po-le-on gave her some gold, and then went on to a house where a feast was to be held, but he could not get these poor folks out of his mind. Ere he went home, he sought to find their home, and

when he was sure all the poor dame had said was true, he found work for her girls, and was the friend of them all for life.

When Na-po-le-on had sent to take the arms from the men of Par-is, so that the mob could not break out once more, the sword of a man by the name of Beau-har-nais was brought, with the rest. Beau-har-nais was dead, but his son Eu-gene, a fine boy of twelve, came to Na-po-le-on, and begged with tears that he would give this sword back to him. Na-po-le-on had not the heart to keep it from the boy. He sent for the sword and gave it to Eu-gene, who burst in tears, and could not



NA-PO-LE-ON AND EU-GENE.

speaking a word. When Josephine Beauharnais heard the tale from her son, she felt so touched at the kind way in which her boy had been treated, that she called the next day to thank Napoleon. She was dressed in deep black, and her form was full of grace. She had a sweet voice,

a fair face, and all the charms of youth. Napoleon was touched at her words, which seemed to come from a warm heart. He soon called on her and won her love, and in time they were wed. The day was 6th of March, 1796. Though Napoleon did not have faith in God, he went through the forms of the church, when he made Josephine his wife, and he said in the years to come, that his star rose and fell with Josephine.

Young as he was, he was now made chief of the troops in Italy. "You are young," said one of the Directors, "to take such a charge." "In one year," said Napoleon, "I shall be old or dead." "We have

but men to give you, the troops have nought, and we have no gold to buy food," said they.

"Give me all the men you can, that is all I ask," said Na-po-le-on.

He reached the camp of the French one cold night. The troops had been forced to fly to the Alps, and all was bare and cold. They had no food or fire.

It may be well here to make clear to you the cause of this war. France, as we have told you, had grown tired of kings. The poor had borne for long years laws that ground them to the dust, and the rich men and lords had not cared for their woe. Now they had turned, and in their mad zeal or fear, great crimes were done. They drove the king from his throne, and cut off his head. They did not spare the queen or her son, who was a mere child. All the kings of Eu-rope looked on this sight with fear. They felt their own thrones shake, for from all sides a cry went up from the poor, "We, too, will be free, we will rule, we will have no more kings." From the mud huts of Ire-land, the work shops and thronged streets of the town, went up that cry, "You shall rule us no more." All the kings of all the lands felt that they must act. They saw that the King of France had lost his head, and no king's head was

safe. They must crush this new force or fall by it. Eng-land, and Aus-tri-a, and It-a-ly, made a pact that they would fight for the rights of kings. Those in France, who were on their side, could fight with them. They took the name of Al-lies.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW HE TOOK THE BRIDGE AT LO-DI.

NA-PO-LE-ON wished, in the first place, to make It-a-ly give up, then to force Aus-tri-a to call their troops from the Rhine, and last, to pay back the Pope, who had sought to help those who were kin to the last king, and wished to get back the throne of France.

His first words to his men thrilled their hearts. "You are cold," he said, "you are half starved. Your land can give you nought. It owes you much, but has not the means to pay. I come to lead you to plains rich in grain, to towns stored with wealth. All may be yours, if you will be brave."

These words made the hearts of the men leap high. Na-po-le-on seemed to take no rest night or day. He



NA-PO-LE-ON AD-DRESS-ING THE TROOPS.

hour he fixed, and through storms of rain and snow, by mount and moor, by night and by day, cold, starved and wet, the host pressed on.

While the Aus-tri-ans slept in their tents, Na-po-le-on and his troops, drenched with rain, toiled on. Just as the day dawned, Na-po-le-on stood on the heights, in the rear of the Aus-tri-an camp, and saw his foe. He did not give his men time to rest. They bore down on the Aus-tri-ans front, flank and rear. The fight was long and hard.

At last the Aus-tri-ans fled in fright. They left great heaps of dead on the field, and all their arms and flags in the hands of the French. This was the first great fight

was on his horse most of the time. He rode here and there to cheer his men. The Alps, with their snow peaks, rose like a wall on one side. The Aus-tri-ans were hid from him by that wall. He brought all his force to bear on his first move.

All his troops met at the



THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

in which Na-po-le-on was at the head of all the troops. It was called the fight of Mon-te-notte.

The Aus-tri-ans fled one way, and the I-tal-ians made haste to reach their own town of Tu-rin. Na-po-le-on did not let his men rest long. He wished to meet the foe while they were weak with loss. In three days, three hard fights were won, and he held the ground.

Still he knew that the foe was on all sides, with more men than he had, and he felt that all would be lost if

he were not wise. There was no time to rest. From all parts the Aus-tri-ans and I-tal-ians rushed, to hem in this bold band that had dared to come and fight them. The Aus-trians had a vast horde in the rear of the French, but Na-po-le-on won the day, and at last came near Tu-rin, a town of the Sar-din-ians. The king was in great fright, for he knew that some of the men of his realm, were not foes to the French troops. There were crowds of the poor who did not hold with the rights of kings, and he feared they would join Na-po-le-on's ranks. So he made up his mind that he would leave the Al-lies, and so he saved his town. The Duke of Par-ma, too, gave up to the French force at once. But Na-po-le-on took scores of works of art from that place, to send to



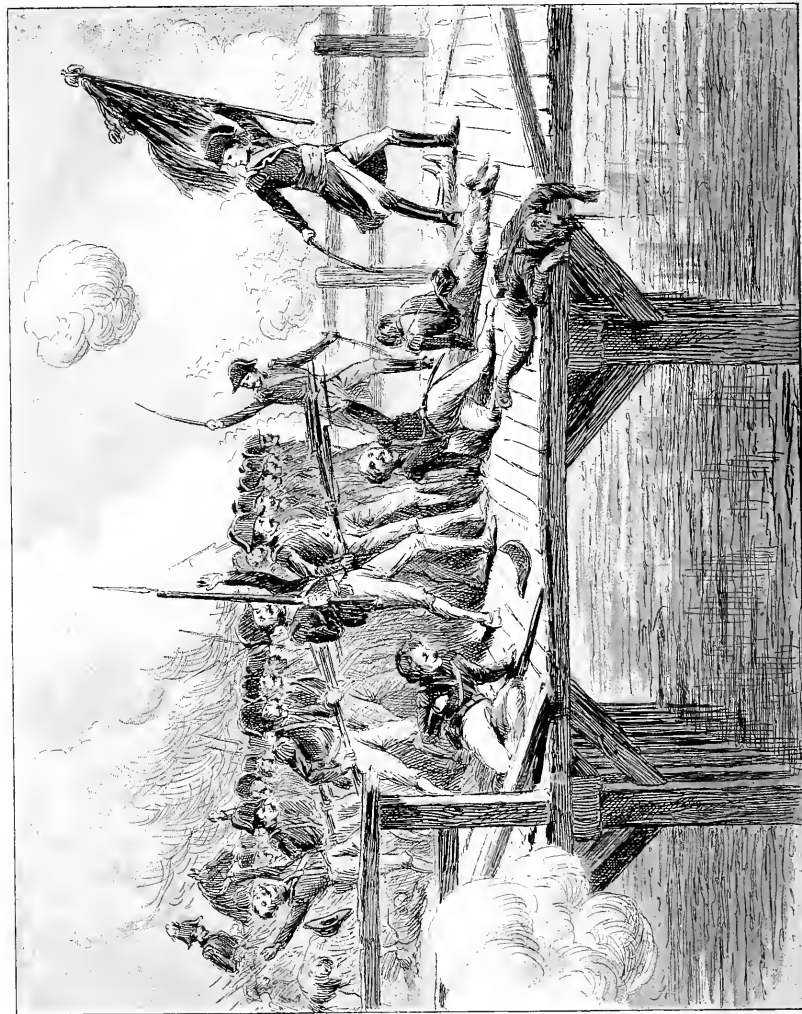
PIL-LAG-ING THE ART GAL-LER-IES.

Par-is. The fact must be told in plain words, that he did not spare the spoils of war, but took what he choose, with a bold hand, in all the lands where his troops won the day.

The Aus-tri-ans camped on one side of the Po, a large

stream, that was right in the way of the French. It is one of the worst tasks for troops to cross a stream in the face of the foe, but Na-po-le-on by night turned down the banks of the stream, made a march of scores of miles, and seized all the boats in his way. He timed his march, so that all his troops met in one spot, at the same hour. Then they crossed the stream in the boats he had seized, and did not lose one man. The Aus-tri-ans, perched on house tops, fired down, and hoped to stop the French in their march through the streets, till their main troops should come. But the French met the foe with such a charge, that they drove them out, and the ground was strewn with the dead.

The French kept on, while the Aus-tri-ans still fled. As night drew near, they reached Lo-di, a small town, and a stream which they crossed by a bridge of wood. The French rushed in the town, and in to each house, and sent out their fire. The Aus-tri-ans took their stand on the banks of the stream, and had their guns placed in such a way, that they could rake the whole length of the bridge with their fire. Na-po-le-on, in the midst of a hot fire, put all the guns he had in place. He then called his men. The chiefs of them said, no one could cross that bridge in the face of such a storm of balls as



II.—THE BRIDGE OF LO-DI.

they would meet. They must fail. "What," cried Na-po-le-on, "Fail, that word is not French."

He chose a band of picked troops, and sent some more to ride to a ford, three miles from the town. The Aus-tri-ans had not thought of that spot, and Na-po-le-on thought his men could ford the stream at that place, and get in the rear of the foe. It was the tenth of May. The last rays of the sun fell on the hills. The scene had been one of peace. It was spring time, and all the land was fair, till these foes met to turn it to a scene of woe.

When Na-po-le-on saw that his men and horses had ford-ed the stream, he made the charge. His line wheeled at once, and the streets were filled with a dense mass. They went on the full run, and rent the air with shouts as they dashed for the bridge. They were met by a hot fire, and were mowed down like grass in the way of a scythe. They could scarce make their way for the piles of the dead. At last they had forced the way on the bridge, but the fire seemed more than they could stand. Na-po-le-on seized a flag, plunged through the clouds of smoke, and took the head of the troops. At the same time his troops rode from the rear, met him, and the bridge was theirs. The Aus-tri-ans hurled their

men at the French, but their cause was lost. The French seemed drunk with joy at what they had done, and they did not mind the balls, more than if they had been snow balls in the hands of a child.

Lan-nes was first to cross the bridge, and Na-po-le-on was next. Lan-nes spurred his mad horse in the midst of the Aus-tri-an ranks. His horse was shot, and fell dead, but he jumped from its back, leaped on the steed



LAN-NES AT THE BAT-TLE OF LO-DI,

of one of the Aus-tri-ans, and fought his way back to his own men. He had slain six of the Aus-tri-ans with his own hand. Na-po-le-on had seen all, and he raised Lan-nes' rank on the spot. This was known as the "fight of Lo-di," and took place 10th of May, 1796. He

marched on to Mi-lan, and a great part of the men hailed him as their friend. His troops had bread and meat, and he taxed the land for gold. But from all

parts of It-a-ly young men flocked to join his force. Cor-si-ca had once been I-tal-ian, and that was the lan-guage Na-po-le-on first spoke. So part of the I-tal-ians hailed him as one who should right their wrongs, and set them free from the rule of king and popes. He put down all that were not for him, burnt the towns that did not give up to him, he made his way to rule through flames and blood, but such is the chance of war. In a short time he had awed all the south of It-a-ly, and then he went to Man-tu-a. This was the spot on which all the eyes of Eu-rope were turned. It was thought to be so strong, that no force could take it.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE OF MAN-TU-A.

THE troops of Na-po-le-on had no time to rest. They marched by day, oft drenched with rain, and at night lay down on the wet ground, with no tents to shield them from the storm. It was not strange that they grew sick, and those who had been spared by shot and sword, fell by the way. North of Man-tu-a, lay

the Lake of Gar-da, and near it the walled town of Trent. Here the Aus-tri-ans had a vast lot of troops, with food and arms, and they meant to march down to Man-tu-a, and help those shut up in the walls of the town. The fate of Na-po-le-on seemed sealed. All the Al-lies and the Pope were in great cheer. The old Aus-tri-an Gen-e-r-al Wurm-ser, rubbed his hands, and cried, "We shall soon have the boy now."

Na-po-le-on formed a plan at once. He seemed to give up the siege of Man-tu-a. He gave the word to his troops to set out on their march. The sun had gone down, and night had come, but not an eye was closed. What the men could not take with them, they cast in the lake. The Aus-tri-ans, who were on their way to help Man-tu-a, were met by the French, and could not stand. They broke and fled, but Na-po-le-on and his men were at their heels. He urged his troops to the full run. "Your legs must save us now," he said to his men. Wurm-ser had made haste to bring all the men he could to help. The pride of the Aus-tri-ans was roused, and they fought like brave men, long and well. Na-po-le-on rode, here and there, to cheer his troops. He did not stop to rest. At last the Aus-tri-ans were put to flight. All the Al-lies were in great

fear. Na-po-le-on led his troops back to camp near Man-tu-a. Aus-tri-a would still make no peace with France. They set to work to raise more troops to help Man-



THE SIEGE OF MAN-TU-A.

tu-a, and Na-po-le-on found once more a great force in his way, twice as large as his own. He did not flinch. He burst on the foe in the first grey of the dawn, when they did not dream he was near. The fight was short, but he put them to rout; and they fled to the caves and rocks. Then

Na-po-le-on led his troops on to Trent. He told the men there that he fought for peace, that if they did not take up arms with his foes, he would guard all their rights. In more than one fight he won, but he still found that Aus-tri-a had a great force. He wrote home to the Di-rect-ors, "All of our great men are dead or wounded. Our troops have been cut down till a mere hand full is left. My own health is so bad,

that I have scarce strength to sit on my horse. You must send more men, or It-a-ly is lost."

He did not talk to the troops in that way. "One more blow," he said "and It-a-ly will be ours." He worked hard night and day. He tried to make friends of the I-tal-ians. The men from some states of the Pope sent word to him that they wished to be free. He said he would grant their wish, and the joy of all was great. They hailed him as a friend, and helped him fight the Aus-tri-ans. A large part of the folks in It-a-ly longed to be free from the rule of popes and kings. They were all friends of the French. They looked on Na-po-le-on as an I-tal-ian, and were proud of his fame.

The cold winds swept through the hills, and the Aus-tri-ans felt they must make a grand move, or they would be stopped by the snow. Gen-er-al Vau-bois was camped with his men, a few miles north of Trent, in a small pass, to watch the Aus-tri-ans. He took fright and fled, when he saw how great was their force. Na-po-le-on was in a rage. He called all his troops, and each eye was fixed on that pale, wan face. In a voice that was sad, yet stern, he said, "Men, I am not pleased with you. You have not been brave. You

have let the foe drive you from a place that you might have held. Chief of the staff, write, These men are no more part of the troops in It-a-ly."



NA-PO-LE-ON AND THE FU-GI-TIVES.

Such words fell like a death knell on the ears of these men. The tears rolled down their cheeks. They rushed to Na-po-le-on and begged, "Try us once more. The foe were three to our one, Put us in a post where we

can show that we still have the heart to fight for a great cause."

Na-po-le-on was moved. In the next fight he placed them in the rear, and they fought like brave men. The tide rolled back, and the French won. Still Man-tu-a did not give up. Storms came, and the French were sore tried. The ground was so wet with rain, that it was hard to drag the guns through the mire. But Na-po-le-on felt it was time to move. The wind swept the bleak hills, a storm of sleet whirled through the air.

No pen can write of such scenes of woe, in words that will show them to you. Through the long hours came the groans of those who were soon to die. The snow grew red with blood. Far from those they loved, with the snow for their death beds, those who had gone out in the flush of youth and hope, lay down to die. Through all the hours of that long night, they writhed and groaned with pain. Drenched with rain, with no friend at their side to hear their last words, they drew their last breath. Such scenes are part of the curse of war. Na-po-le-on and his troops had to fall back. The Aus-tri-an's ranks filled fast. In the night, while the Aus-tri-ans slept, Na-po-le-on drew off his men. The troops were much cast down, for they feared the worst. They were marched to a great marsh, miles long. All at once they saw Na-po-le-on's plan. It was a good place for a small force to fight. Shouts of joy rang through the ranks. It was black night, but the Aus-tri-an fire could be seen. At the break of day, the foe rushed down on them. There was a bridge on the stream, and Na-po-le-on called out, "Think of Lo-di." He rushed on at the head of his troops. They took the bridge. Gen-er-al Lan-nes got three wounds as he tried to shield his chief. A ball struck the horse on which Na-po-le-on rode. It seized

the bit with its teeth, and tore in to the Aus-tri-an ranks. Then it plunged in the marsh and died.



NA-PO-LE-ON MIERED IN THE MARSH OF AR-CO-LA.

Na-po-le-on was left in the swamp, up to his neck in the mire. But his troops helped him out. At last the Aus-tri-ans broke and fled. Na-po-le-on marched back to Ve-ro-na. He wrote to his wife, "Soon Man-tu-a will be ours."

This fight, on the march of Ar-co-la, was one of great skill. "The French," said the Aus-tri-ans, "do not march, they fly." Their march to Man-tu-a was swift. Wurm-ser, and his half starved troops, came out to fight. They had not a horse left in their town, for they had all been used for food. There was nought left but for him to give up. The next day, the Aus-tri-ans marched out from Man-tu-a, and laid down their arms at the feet of Na-po-le-on. He then left one of his brave men as charge, and turned his force on the States of the Pope. To the troops of the Pope he said, "I am the



THE SUR-REN-DER OF THE AUS-TRI-AN AR-MY.

friend of It-a-ly, I come for your good, to make you free." They laid down their arms, and were his friends from that hour. Thus, in ten months, Na-po-le-on drove the Aus-tri-ans out of It-a-ly. He said to the I-tal-i-ans, "We have freed you, take care of your rights, make good laws, and cause them to be kept. In a few years, if you are true men, you will be so strong, none can take your rights from you."

CHAPTER VI.

"ON LIN-DEN WHEN THE SUN WAS LOW."

NA-PO-LE-ON then took up his march for Vi-en-na. He fought his way in to Aus-tri-a. The Alps were passed, but the Aus-tri-ans stood out at each pass, and were slain in heaps. Each walled town was the scene of a fight. All was fright in Vi-en-na. The Em-per-or and his lords fled like deer. The man who led the

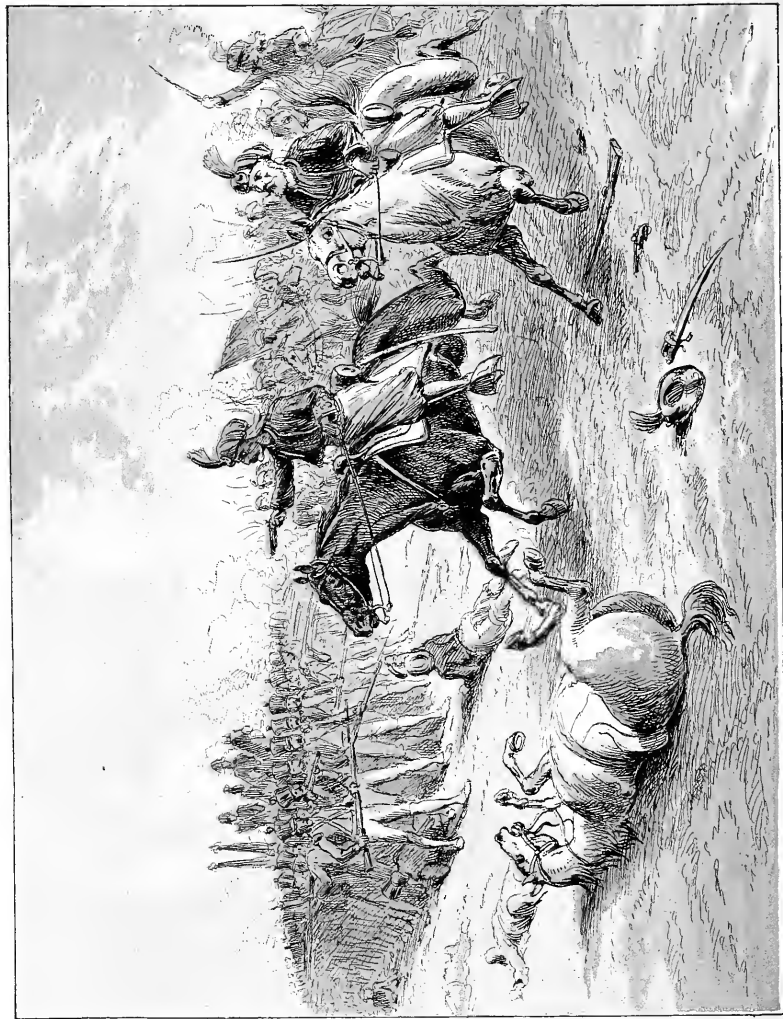
Aus-tri-ans, the Arch-Duke Charles, sent out a flag of truce to gain time. But Na-po-le-on was not caught in that trap. He sent word to the Aus-tri-ans that he fought for peace, "that the Aus-tri-ans would find him a friend, but that Aus-tri-a, bribed by Eng-land's gold, had made war on France."



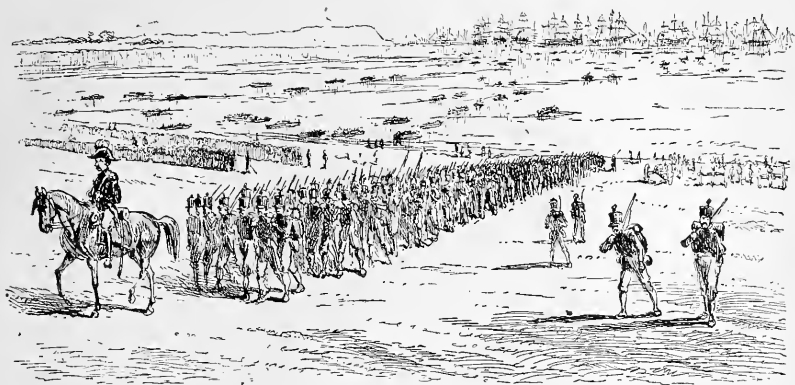
THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

The Aus-tri-ans cried out for peace. Both sides wished to end the war, and Na-po-le-on signed the deed. Then he turned his eye on Ven-ice, which had raised the cry, "Death to the French." They killed French men in the street. But when they knew that Na-po-le-on was near, they were half dead with fright. They sent great sums to the Di-rect-o-ry, Par-is, for a bribe. But Na-po-le-on scorned bribes. He marched on to Ven-ice, and the poor folks hailed him with glad shout. He cast down the great, and set all rank at naught. He flung out the flag of France to the breeze, and made the poor man the peer of the rich. He sent for Jo-se-phine, and they held their court in Mi-lan. Peace was made with Ger-ma-ny, but the Ger-mans did not keep it. The French grew so proud of Na-po-le-on, that the Di-rect-ors were not pleased. When he was seen in the streets, men rent the air with shouts. So he was sent with troops to E-gypt, and the Di-rect-ors hoped he would not come back.

On the 16th of June, the French saw the white cliffs of Mal-ta, and in two weeks more E-gypt's shores of sand were in sight. Some boats were swamped, and some lives lost as they sought to land. Then they set out on their march to Cai-ro. Na-po-le-on told the men



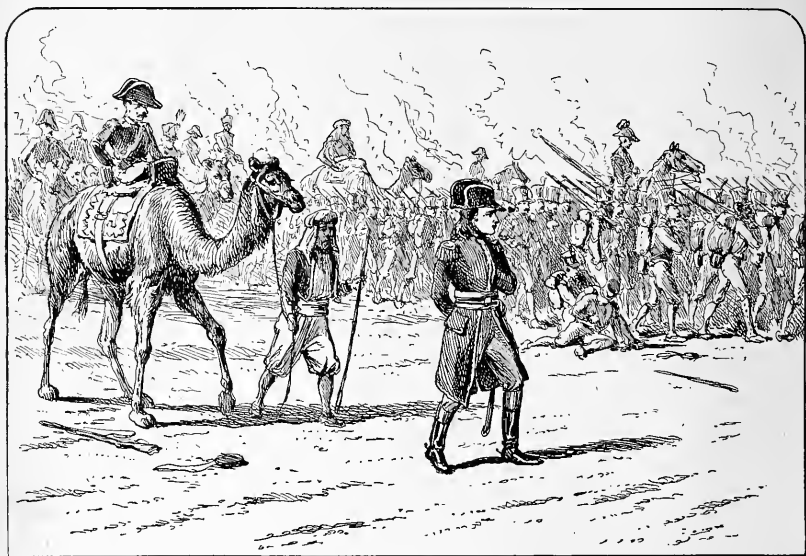
III.—AT-TACK-ED BY AR-AB CAV-AL-RY.



THE LAND-ING IN E-GYPT.

in each place, that he had come to help them keep down the foes, who had made slaves of them. "If E-gypt is their farm," he said, "let them show their lease from God, by which they hold it." There were those who heard his words with joy and gave him aid.

He found that the march through the sands was hard. His men grew sick, and sad, and faint, as they toiled on hour by hour, while the hot sun played on their heads. But Na-po-le-on toiled on foot at the head of his troops. As they drew near the Nile, herds of A-rabs, each on a fleet steed, and armed with short guns, would rush on them, while they rent the air with their yells. At last the Nile came in sight. Shouts of joy burst from the

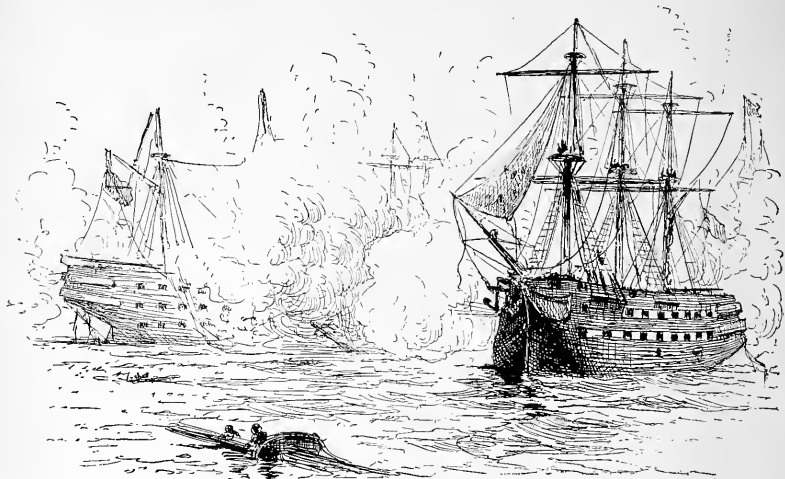


THE MARCH TO CAI-RO.

ranks. The men rushed on, and plunged in its waves. They drank, and drank as if they could not stop. Cai-ro is on the east banks of the Nile. Na-po-le-on saw that the whole plain was full of armed men. Mu-rad Bey, who led them, said to his troops, "You shall now see us cut off those dogs like gourds." But Na-po-le-on had put his guns in such a place, that he could plough their ranks. The foe wheeled round, and tried to ride them down. But the men who fell, crawled on the

ground, and cut at the horses' legs. At last the foe fled, some plunged in the Nile, and the stream was stained in blood. The camp, with all its wealth, fell in Na-po-le-on's hands. There were arms of all sort, rich shawls, rare gems, A-rab steeds, and much gold.

Na-po-le-on then marched on to Cai-ro. But he soon had a check, when he found that Eng-land had sent to help the E-gypt-ians. They had a great man at the head of the troops, by the name of Nel-son. The French were so near the shore of the bay, at A-bou-kir, that they felt safe, but Nel-son thought there was room for his ships. "If we win, what will the world say?" asked one of Nel-son's men. "There is no *if* in the case," said Nel-son, "we shall be sure to win." The fight was long and brave. Dark night came on, and the bay seemed one mass of fire. The French fleet had but four ships left when all was done, and the English had borne great loss. Nel-son was struck on the head with a ball, and the French Ad-mi-ral, Brueys, would not leave the deck of his ship, and he was shot dead. When they took Nel-son to the cock pit, drenched in blood, to dress his wounds, he would not let them touch him till his mens' wounds were dressed. "I will take my turn with my men," said he. This fight is known



THE BATTLE OF A-BOU-KIR BAY, ON THE NILE.

as the "Battle of the Nile." The English had won, and it was the death blow of Napoleon's hopes in Egypt.

We have not room in this small book to tell of all the small fights of the French, or we would have to fill it with names. We will, then, take the great moves of the troops led by Napoleon, and the great fights he gained. He led his men to Syria, and fought the Turks and English there. The plague broke out in his ranks, but he had no fear, and he went and sat by the cots of his sick men to cheer them. He sought to

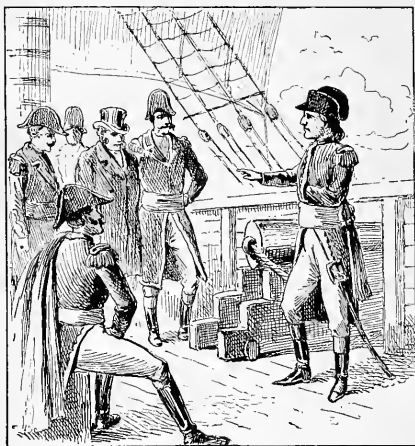
take the strong fort of A-cre, and the Turks were at last cut off. Their camp, and all in it, fell in the hands of the French. But the siege was not at an end. The Eng-lish ships poured fire on Na-po-le-on's men, but they picked up the balls that fell on them, and used them, as they were out of balls. At last the French had to give up the siege of A-cre. They went



THE SIEGE OF A-CRE.

back to Cai-ro, and on to France, for Na-po-le-on had heard that his land was in a sad state.

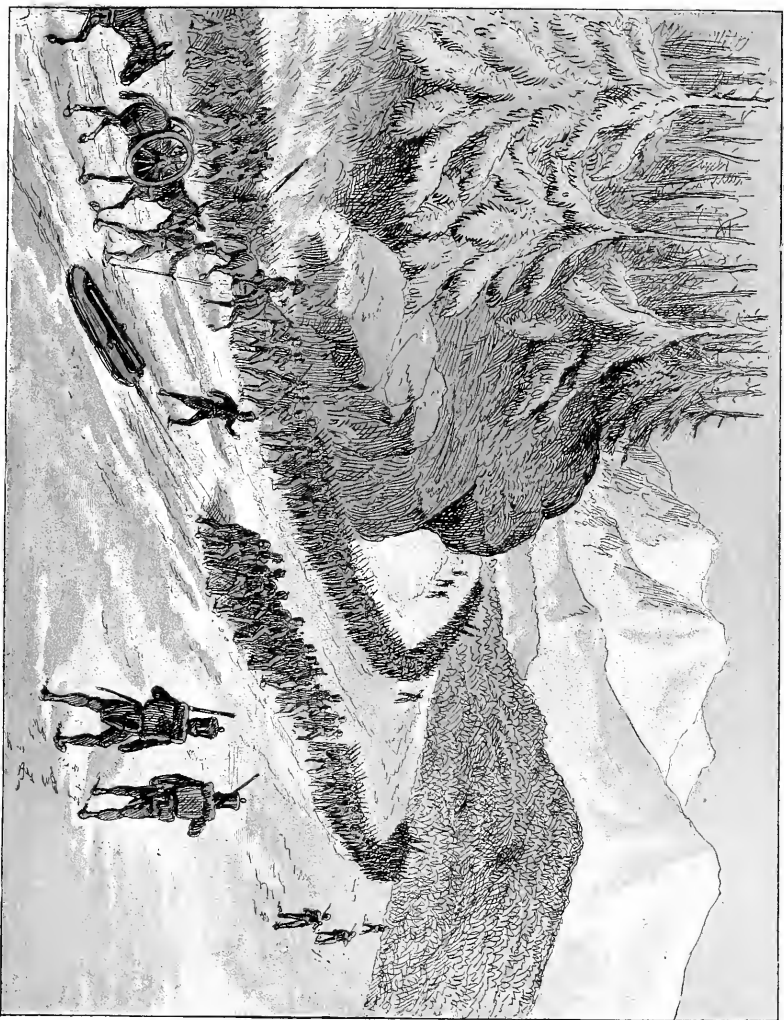
He was hailed with cheers. The crowd cried "Long live Bo-na-parte." The Di-rect-ors heard it, and felt that it was their death knell. All Par-is was wild with joy. They had grown tired of the Di-rect-ors, and Na-po-le-on saw that it would be best for France, to have one man at its head. They had been left too much to the schemes and rule of those who sought to get the reins in their hands. He fixed an hour for all his troops and friends to meet



THE RE-TURN TO FRANCE.

him, and then he stepped out, and in a loud and firm voice, read the plan he had drawn up. "Will you," he said, "help me to save the Re-pub-lic of France?" One cry burst forth from all, as they drew out their swords, and waved them in the air. "We swear it, we swear it."

Na-po-le-on was now at the head of the French. The Di-rect-ors gave up, and the guns of Par-is pealed out, and all seemed full of joy. He was named First Consul, but he had all the might of a king. He was strong, and all France seemed to be on his side. He was not too proud to ask Eng-land for peace, but she would not have it. So he said, "Eng-land wants war, well, she shall have it, yes, war to the death." He tried, too, to make peace with the Em-per-or of Aus-tri-a, but in vain. He had then once more to go forth and meet his foes. He had to cross the Alps, by a path that was so small, that one false step would have plunged him and his men



IV.—THE ARMY CROSSING THE ALPS.



to death. Eng-land and Aus-tri-a laughed his plan to scorn. How could the great guns be drawn through such a pass? Na-po-le-on was the last man to cross. He was dressed in his grey coat, and rode a mule. The troops pressed on to A-os-ta, but they found there was scarce room to march at the side of the stream. All at once they came on a fort that stopped the way. Its guns were so placed that their fire would sweep the pass.

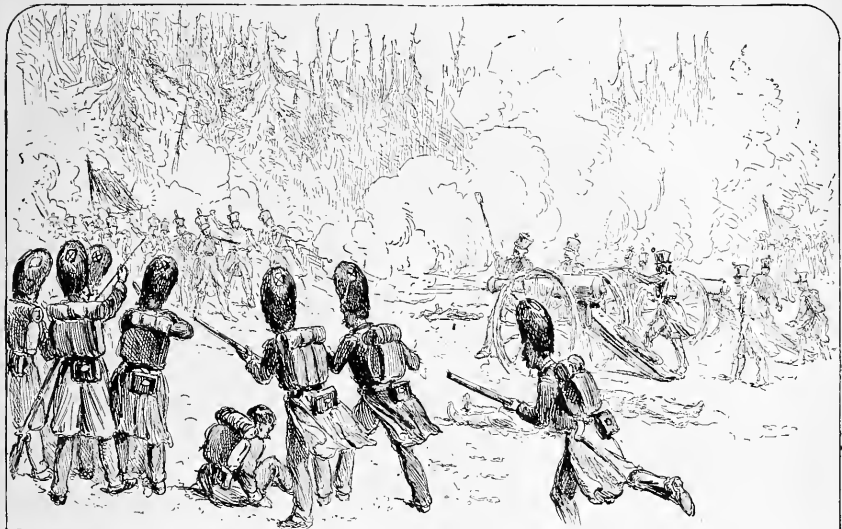
Na-po-le-on climbed a rock, and took out his field glass, and spied a place where he thought a man might pass. One by one the men filed on, and steeds were led where the hoof of horse had not trod till that day. At last the Aus-tri-ans found they were hemmed in. The first fight was at Mon-te-bel-lo. Gen-er-al Lan-nes led, and the shot from the guns swept through his ranks, so that he said, "I could hear the bones crash like glass in a hail storm." Na-po-le-on reached the field of war, just in time to see the fight won. The brave Lan-nes stood in the midst of a mound of the dead, his face black with smoke. He was called the Duke of Mon-te-bel-lo from that day.

On the plain of Ma-ren-go, a great fight was fought. The French fled at first, but Na-po-le-on cheered them

so, that they turned back, and put the Aus-tri-ans to flight. When the sun went down on this field of blood, the sight was a sad one. Once more on the field of Ma-ren-go, he wrote to the Em-per-or of Aus-tri-a, and asked for peace. His two great friends, De-saix and Kle-ber were dead, and his heart was sad. But Aus-tri-a had pledged her word to Eng-land not to make peace with France. Wil-liam Pitt, the chief of that part of the Eng-lish who wished for kings to rule them, was for war. France could not harm Eng-land, he thought. With her great fleet, she could sweep France from the seas. Aus-tri-a thought that no sane man would try to lead troops through Ger-ma-ny, in the cold months of storms of sleet and snow. But Na-po-le-on had no fear. He sent one part of his troops to meet the Aus-tri-ans in It-a-ly, and they won. Gen-er-al Mo-reau was in charge of the troops on the Rhine. There are two streams, named the I-ser and the Inn, with dark pine woods through which roads had been cut.

Perhaps you have heard of the fight that took place there, near a place called Ho-hen-lin-den. The school boys speak a piece yet, of which the first line is,

“On Lin-den when the sun was low.”



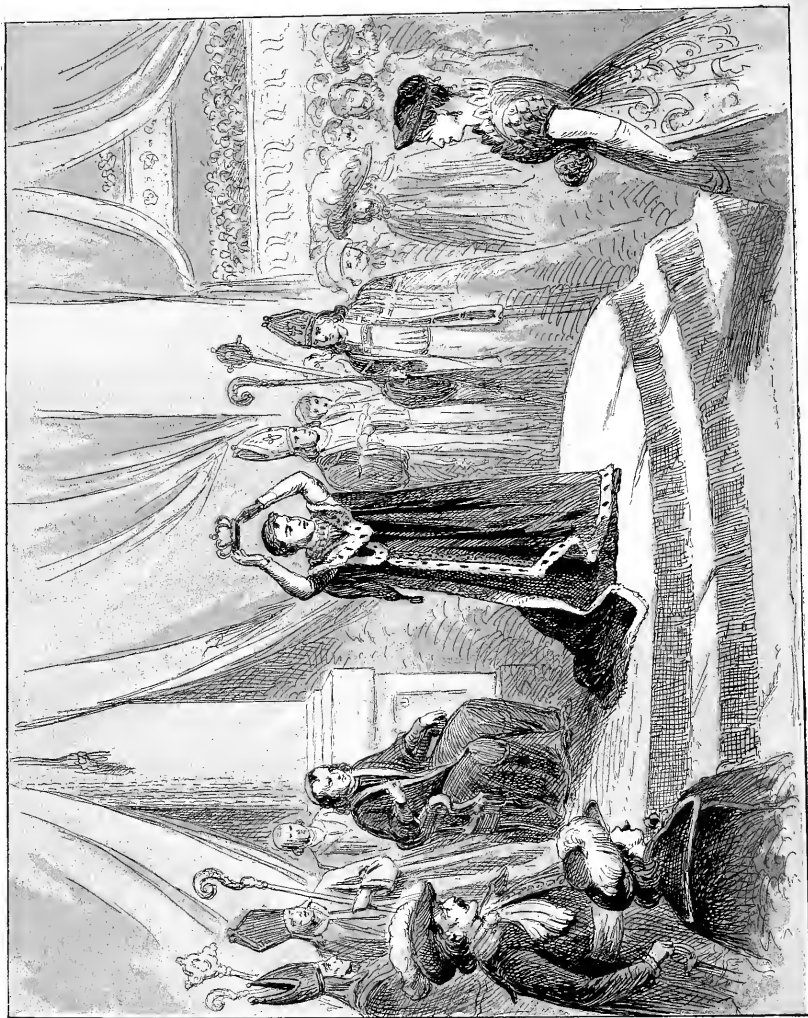
BATTLE OF HO-HEN-LIN-DEN.

And we hear, "how the drums beat at dead of night," and how the fires of death lit the scene. The clocks had just tolled the hour of twelve. A snow storm howled through the tree tops, and it was hard to drag the guns through the drifts. There was the blaze from the guns, the crash of the trees as the balls cut them down, to add to the scene of woe. The French could scarce see the foe. At times they fought hand to hand. When the day dawned, the fight still raged. On the mounds of snow lay the dead. The French won on each point.

The Aus-tri-ans fled in great fright. Mo-reau and his men rushed on at their heels with shot and shell. Aus-tri-a was glad to make peace with France then, and she had no foe left but Eng-land. Na-po-le-on set his mind then to do the best he could, for the good of the French, in the arts of peace. The great mass of folks in Eng-land were tired of war. The poor were half starved, the tax grew, and a great debt was on the land. When peace was at last signed, men wept with joy. Each stage coach that ran from Lon-don had these words on it, "Peace with France,"

Na-po-le-on was then made First Con-sul for life, but he had more than the might of kings. There were those who wished him to take the name of king. By the terms of the peace, Eng-land was to take her troops out of E-gypt and Mal-ta. She did not keep her word. Na-po-le-on would not give up Mal-ta to them, and so war was brought on once more. The Eng-lish seized French ships, and, in time, some of their ships were seized. At this time there was a plot found out, by which Na-po-le-on was to be put out of the way. Two of his great Gen-er-als were in it, and there are those who say, that the whole thing was got up by Na-po-le-on, to get rid of two men who were so great, that





V.-CROWNED EM-PER-OR OF FRANCE.

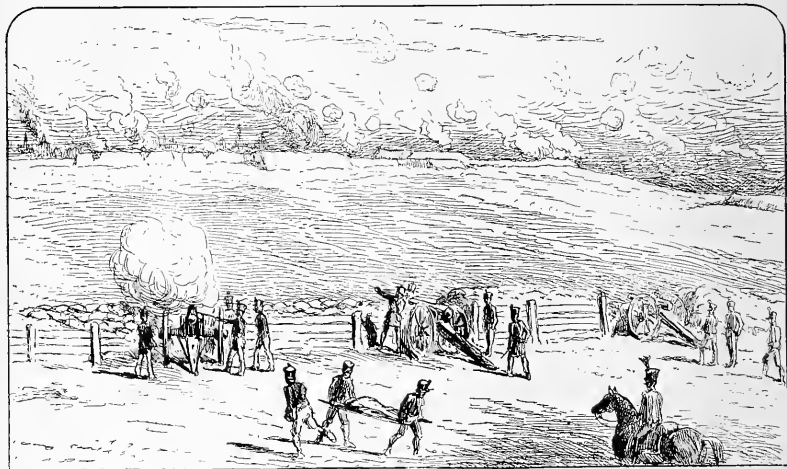
they stood in his way. Gen-er-al Pich-e-gru died in jail, hung, it is said, by his own hand. Gen-er-al Moreau, when he had spent two years in jail, was sent out of France.

A Prince of the blood, the Duc d' Eng-hien, was put to death for his part in this plot.

Then the French wished that Na-po-le-on should wear the crown of France. The lands that were ruled by kings, were glad to hear of such a change. The Senate of France passed a vote, "That Na-po-le-on Bo-na-parte should be named Em-per-or of France." They sent it to him, at his home at St. Cloud, 18th of May, 1804. He met those who brought it with a calm face. Jo-se-phine was at his side. The chief of the Sen-ate made him a speech, and as soon as he was done, the cry, "Long live the Em-per-or," rang out on all sides. Na-po-le-on bowed to the wish of all, and was crowned by the Pope, in Par-is.

But the Al-lies hoped still. They did not mean to keep the terms of peace. They reached Ulm, in Ba-va-ri-a, and took up a strong hold. Hosts of Rus-sians were on the march to join them. They meant to take the French when they were off their guard. But Na-po-le-on was not a man to be trapped. All at once, with

a host of men, he was in their rear. It was as if his troops had come down from the clouds. The Austrians threw down their arms, and fled this way and that, in their fright. Na-po-le-on sent troops to Ulm, to call on the force there, to give up the town. His guns

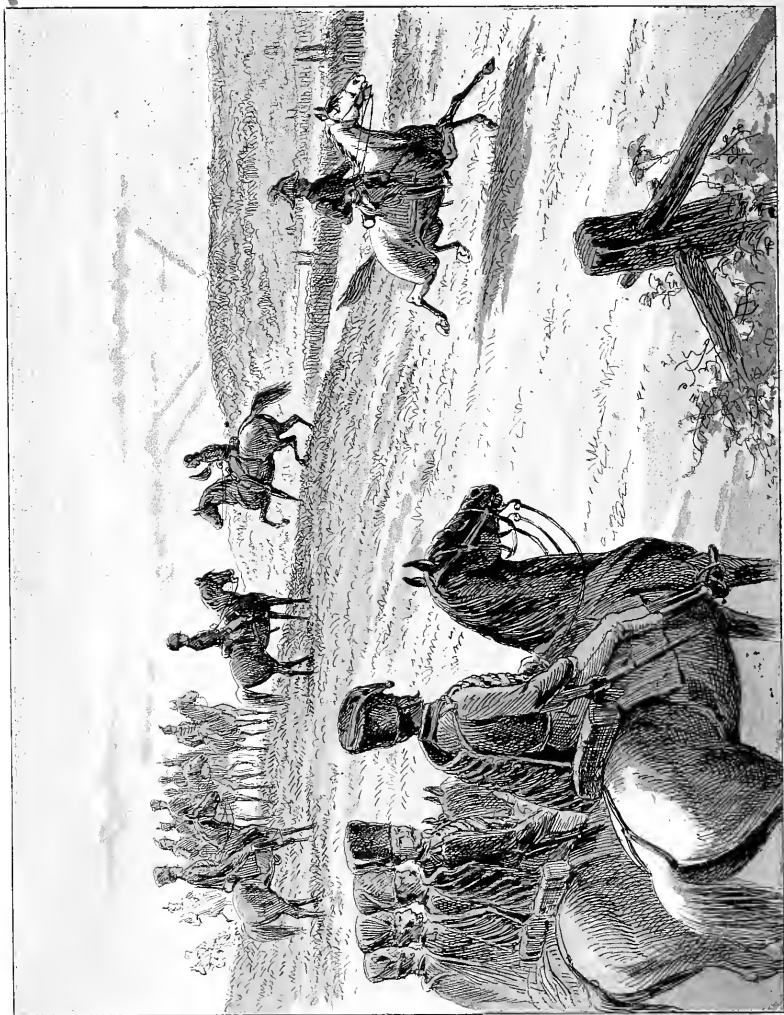


THE SIEGE OF ULM.

were placed on heights, so that the fire could rake the streets. A storm of sleet fell. There was no hope for those in the town, and they made terms, marched out, and laid down their arms at Na-po-le-on's feet.

The next day, the French fleet, with that of Spain, were met by the Eng-lish ships of Cape Tra-fal-gar. A



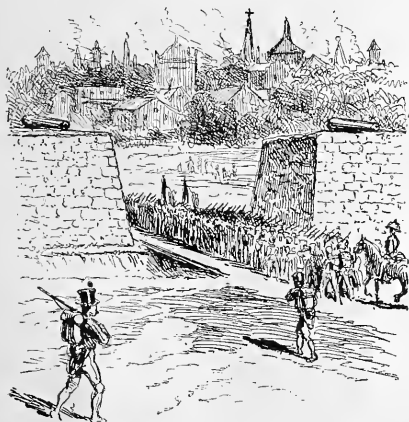


VI.—THE SUN OF AUS-TER-LITZ.

hard fight took place, and Eng-land won. They took nine of the ships, seven were so pierced, that they were of no more use, and four made their way to the Straits, but fell in the hands of the foe in a few days.

Still he knew that a great force of the Rus-sians was on the way to meet him, and that Prus-sia had joined the Al-lies. There was Eng-land, too, with her troops, to join the rest. But Na-po-le-on would not go back. "On to Vi-en-na," was his cry, and the Aus-tri-ans in that town were crazed with fright. The Em-per-or Fran-cis fled as the hosts drew near. Soon the French troops were on the heights round Vi-en-na, and the sun

shone on stacks of arms. A band of the town folks came out to beg for peace. All the gold and arms fell in Na-po-le-on's hands. But he did not rest at Vi-en-na. Not an hour was to be lost. On the field of Aus-ter-litz he met his foes. The dawn was clear, and the sun rose. The French found out a weak



EN-TRY OF NA-PO-LE-ON IN-TO VI-EN-NA.

spot in the troops of the Al-lies. They pierced it, and the ranks were cut in twain. Then Na-po-le-on kept the right wing, so that it could not help the left, and the day was won. Part of the foe, in their fright, tried to cross a lake where the ice looked strong, but it broke, and the mass was plunged in the waves. Thus the fight of Aus-ter-litz came to an end, and gave Na-po-le-on great fame. He had used but half his men, and the Al-lies were two to his one. Their loss was great, and the Aus-tri-ans felt that all was lost. Their Em-per-or Fran-cis sent Prince John to try to get a truce. A truce means that the fight should be stopped for a time. Na-po-le-on said he would see the Em-per-or, and Fran-cis met him and got good terms. The fight ceased, peace was signed, and the Aus-tri-ans and Rus-sians went home.

Once more Na-po-le-on had made peace with all the world but Eng-land. He turned his mind to works of peace. He formed a plan to join the Lou-vres with the Tuil-er-ies, and to keep in it all the choice gems of art he had won. He built the grand "Arch of Tri-umph," and the bronze shaft in the Ven-dome, on which is carved the scenes of Aus-ter-litz and Ulm. Bridges were built that took their names from the great fights he had won. He made Jo-seph Bo-na-parte King of



XI - THE PRISON OF THE EMPEROR - ST. PETERSBURG.



Na-ples. Hol-land chose Lou-is Bo-na-parte for its king. Eu-gene was sent to rule It-a-ly. Eng-land, Rus-sia and Prus-sia joined once more, as Al-lies. Na-po-le-on was roused. He said, "I will fix things this time, so that my foes can not stir for ten years."

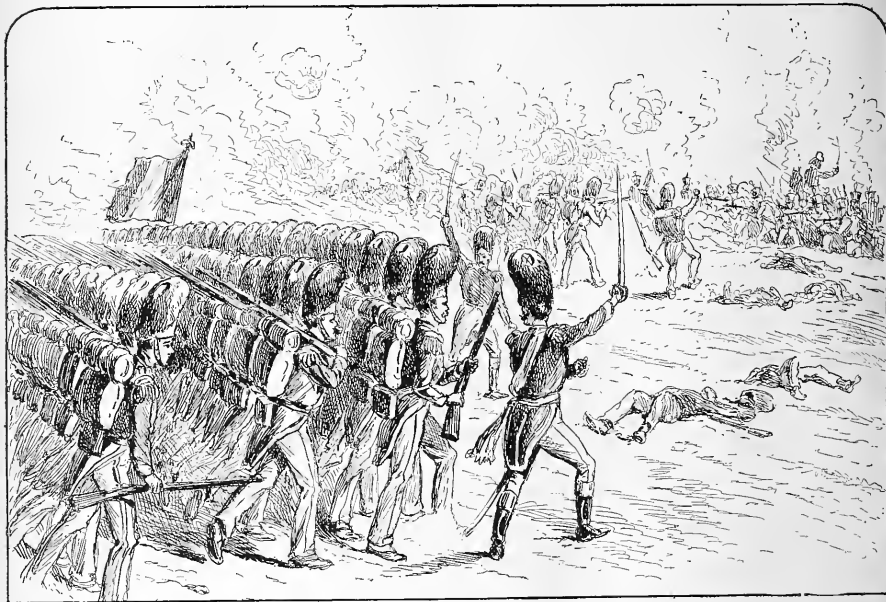
CHAPTER VII.

ONCE MORE THE CRY "TO ARMS!"

NA-PO-LE-ON once more took the head of his troops, and with a swift march, got in the rear of the Prus-sians. He felt sure that he would win, but he wrote to the King of Prus-sia, "I am now in the heart of Sax-o-ny, I know my strength is such as your force can not put down. But why shed so much blood?"

The King of Prus-sia was not heard from, and in two days Na-po-le-on and his men met the great hosts of the Prus-sians on the fields of Je-na and Auer-stadt. The Prus-sians were on a hill, but Na-po-le-on drove them off at once, and took their place. From the brow of that hill, the whole lines of the Prus-sians could be seen for leagues.

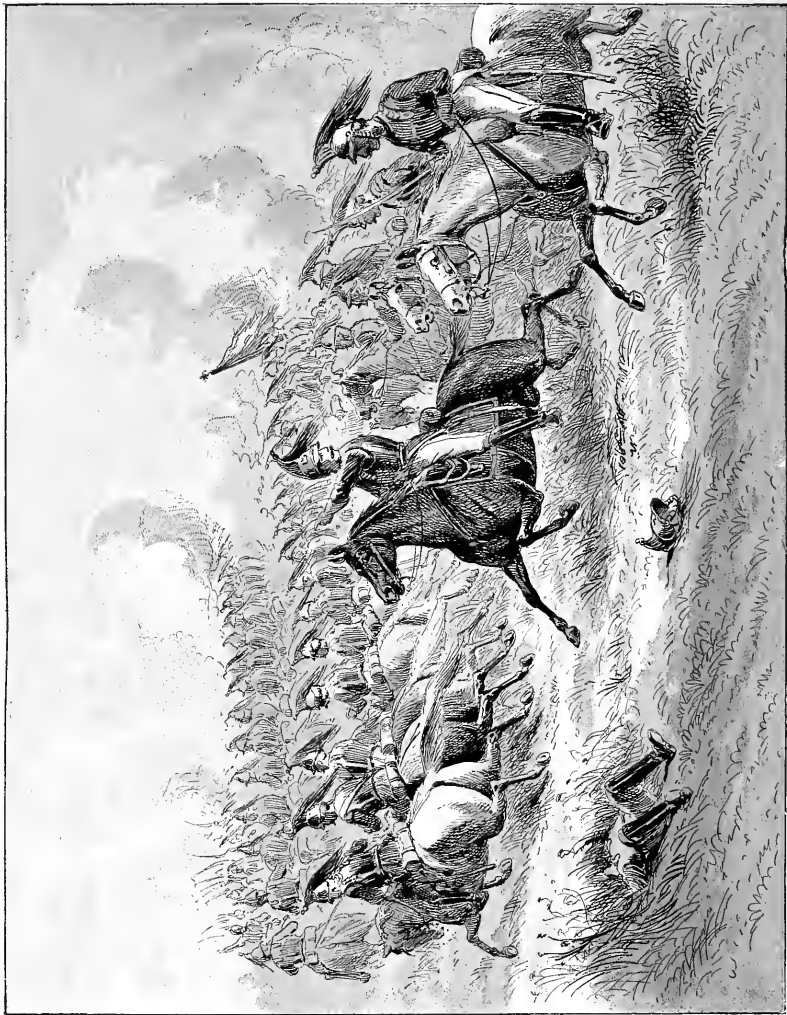
But he could not see the plain of Auer-stadt twelve miles off, and he did not know that the Prus-sians had a strong force there. Night came on, and as the French



THE BAT-TLE OF JE-NA.

dragged their guns to the top of the hill, Na-po-le-on worked with his own hands, for they had to blast the rocks to smooth the way. Through the long night they toiled, while the flames from the watch fires of the Prus-sian hosts lit the sky. At that time word was brought





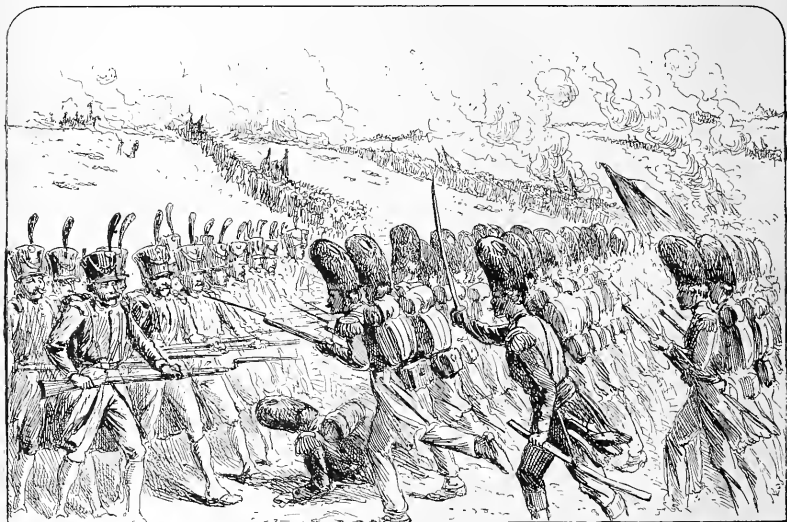
VII.—THE CHARGE OF MU-RAT'S CAV-AL-RY.

that Spain had left the French, and made friends with the Eng-lish.

At four in the morn there was a dense fog. The French troops were numb with cold, and were glad when the sign was made to fire. Na-po-le-on rode through the ranks, and cheered them. The French pierced the Prus-sian lines on all sides. For eight hours the fight raged. At one time, the Prus-sians seemed to win. They had a force kept back, and they were called to the front, but Na-po-le-on, too, had his fresh troops. At four, he sent Mu-rat at their head. The sound of swift hoofs was heard as this mass swept on, and charged the worn troops of the Prus-sians. The day was won by the French. The Prus-sians rushed from the field, in a storm of balls. The French, on their steeds, rode them down, and they were crushed to the earth. At Auer-stadt, too, the French force had gained the day. The Prus-sians fled from that place, and met those who fled from Je-na. Mu-rat, with his men, were in the midst of them, and the dead soon strewed the plain. The King of Prus-sia fled, in the midst of his troops, at Auer-stadt. In the gloom of night he plunged through field and wood, and at last reached a place where he was safe.

Je-na was fought the 17th Oc-to-ber, 1806. In less than two weeks there was not a fort in Prus-sia that was not in the hands of the French, and Na-po-le-on was in Ber-lin, in the grand home of the king. He made terms with Sax-o-ny, which had been forced by Prus-sia to fight him. He had all Prus-sia now in his hands. He could take all he liked as spoils of war.

The King of Prus-sia was far off in the wilds where he had fled, but he still hoped to win with the help of the hordes of Rus-sia. Na-po-le-on led his troops to



THE BAT-TLE OF EY-LAU.

meet the Al-lies to the banks of the Vis-tu-la. He drove them through storm and ice to the plain of Ey-lau.

The night was dark and cold, and the Rus-sians had formed lines on a hill. Na-po-le-on came to the plain with his troops, who had groped their way through drifts and gloom. They had to sleep, as they could, in the snow. Na-po-le-on slept (for an hour in a chair),



NA-PO-LE-ON AT EY-LAU.

and was scarce down, when the shots were heard. The earth shook with the sound. The snow drove in their faces so that they could scarce see, as they rushed to and fro on the plain. The air was soon so filled with smoke that the day was as dark as night.

The flash of the guns could not be seen in the gloom. Up and down the field of blood rode Na-po-le-on. He paid no heed to the balls, and he seemed to bear a charmed life. The light of day passed, and a new night of woe came on.

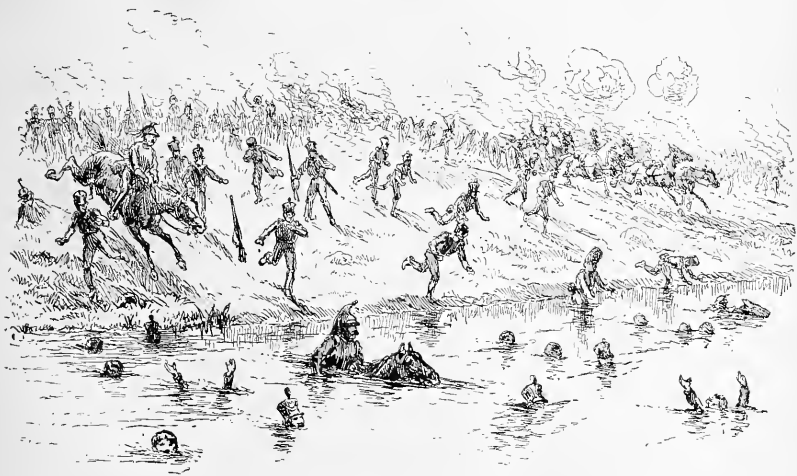
At last the Rus-sians fled. Na-po-le-on looked with a sad heart at the field of blood, and woe, and death. Heaps of men, torn by balls, lay on the snow and ice

that were stained with blood. Na-po-le-on wrote once more to the King of Prus-sia to plead for peace, but his plea was not heard.

The cold months were passed in camp with his troops, in the heart of Po-land. In June, the Al-lies made a rush from their camps, with the hope that they might take the French troops, who were in charge of Marshal Ney, by storm. This was the sign for all the French force to move. The hosts met, and Na-po-le-on, by his great skill, got the best of his foes. They fled, but he was at their heels. In each town the Rus-sians made a stand. More than one field was made red with blood. Men and their wives, fled with their boys and girls, from homes that blazed in the storm of shot and shell. Fields of grain were trod down in the mire, and still the storm of war swept on. Na-po-le-on seemed not to eat, or sleep, or rest. He did not mind the rain, the gloom, or the storm. The French, with Mar-shals Mu-rat and Ney at their head, dashed at the guns of the foe, and whole ranks were mowed down. The day dawned with wind and rain. The French were on a plain, but Na-po-le-on made out to get in the rear of the foe, and drove them on. Once more the Rus-sians made a stand on the plain of Fried-land. When

Na-po-le-on stood on the heights, and saw that the foe was hemmed in by a band in the stream, and that his own troops were on all sides, a gleam of joy came to his face. He showed Mar-shal Ney the small town of Fried-land, and the Rus-sians massed in front of it. "That is the goal," said he, "march straight to it, and do not look back. Break through that thick mass at all costs. Give no thought to what goes on at your right, left, or in the rear. Take the bridges. I will tend to the rest."

Ney, proud of the trust put in him, set forth at once



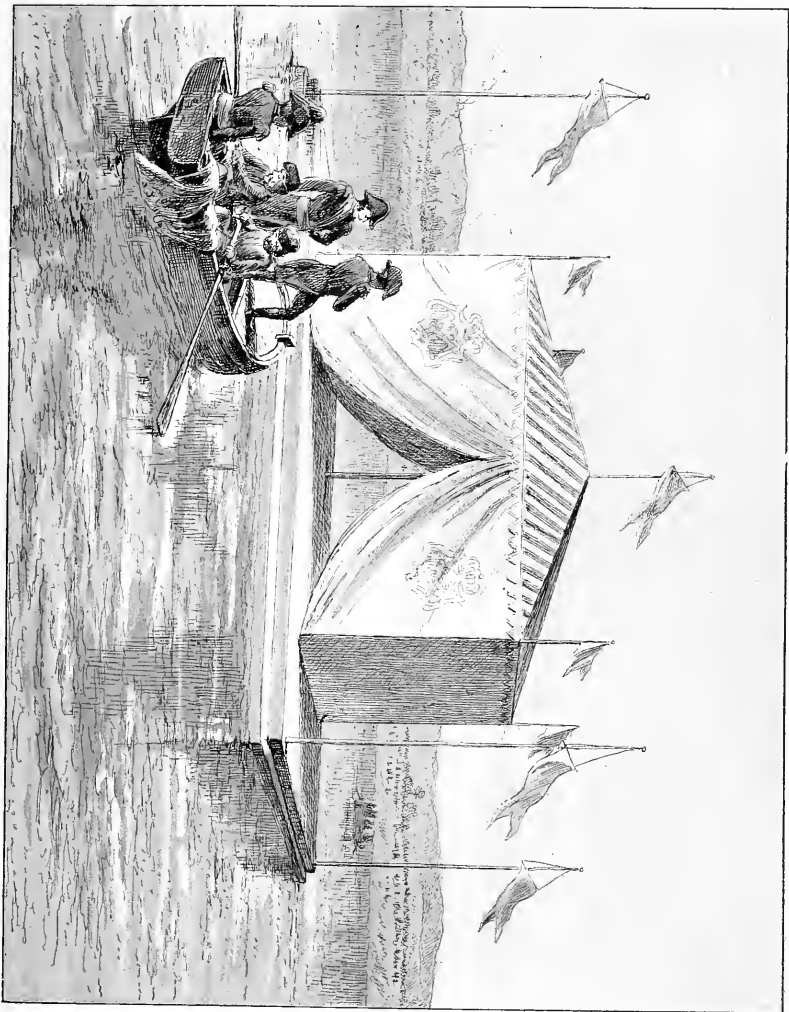
THE BAT-TLE OF FRIED-LAND.

at the head of his troops. The mass seemed to shake the plain with its tread, as it hurled on the foe. Fried-land was soon in flames, and they held the town. The foe, as they fled, plunged in the stream. Some found fords, and reached the shore, but more were swept to their death. The shore, for miles, was lined with the corpses of drowned men, and the stream ran red with blood. The fight of Fried-land took place on the 14th of June, 1807.

The Al-lies could now make no stand. The Rus-sians called for peace. The Em-per-or sent to Na-po-le-on to beg a truce. Prus-sia, too, was in great haste to come to terms. The French had made their camp near the small town of Til-sit. Na-po-le-on caused a raft to be made, and moored in the stream. On each shore the troops were drawn up, and the men looked on to see the two Em-per-ors meet on this raft. The first words that Alex-an-der said were, "I hate the Eng-lish as much as you do. I will help you fight them."

"In that case," said Na-po-le-on, "our peace is made."

Next day, Fred-er-ic, of Prus-sia, came with the Rus-sian Em-per-or. His land was in Na-po-le-on's hands, and he had not much to say. Alex-an-der and Na-po-le-on grew to be great friends. They would spend hours with



VIII.—THE RAFT OF TIL-SIT.

the map of the world in front of them. The peace, which was signed in this place, is known as the "Peace of Til-sit." Na-po-le-on gave half his land back to the King of Prus-sia. All would have been peace but for Eng-land. She would not sheathe her sword. She still tried, by her gold, to get new Al-lies.

Na-po-le-on now turned his mind to works of peace in France. He had bridges made, and built miles of road, and great schools of law. He filled Par-is with works of art, and drew those who could paint well to his court, as well those who had first rank in all the arts. Eng-land in the mean time had not been at rest. The brave Duke of Wel-ling-ton, who was at the head of her troops, took the great town of the Danes. All thoughts of peace were at an end when Na-po-le-on heard of this. Aus-tri-a had not been friends with France at heart, and they drilled troops in all parts of the land. Spain had turned on the French, and did not wish Jo-seph Bo-na-parte for their king. Fires blazed on each hill. They tried to hunt Jo-seph from his throne. He was a mild man, and loved peace. He wrote to Na-po-le-on of his sad straits, and asked for help. Na-po-le-on sent men, but they had to give up to the Al-lies. Jo-seph fled from Mad-rid. He had not force or strength to hold his place.

At length, Russia and France were bound to be friends, in war or peace. At this time, Napoleon was made sad, by a great grief that came in his life. The French thought that France would be made more strong, if he would take a wife, from one of the great courts of Europe. That he could make up his mind to give up Josephine, who had stood by him in all the ups and downs of his life, is a great stain on his fame. She had loved him through good and ill, and they were bound by ties that should have held fast for life. God seems to have frowned on the deed, for, from the day he left Josephine, his star went down. Napoleon loved her, but there is no doubt, that he cared more for his great throne and place in the world. Russia and France sent to England to ask for peace for the world, but they would not hear their plea. The gold of England roused Spain to new deeds of blood, and Austria gained fresh hope. The storms of war once more swept Europe in flame and blood. Napoleon was forced to take his troops to Spain. He stormed the passes, and won in the fights, and pressed on to Madrid.

The sun had gone down, but the night was calm and bright. He sent to bid those in the town to yield. They would not, and the French took the out-posts of the



STORM-ING OF MAD-RID.

town. In Mad-rid the streets were full of awild mob, who killed all whom they thought friends of the French. Church bells tolled all the time, and the monks, at the head of the mob, helped them tear up the streets, and make mounds for their guns. Na-po-le-on did not wish to send his shells in the town, where were wives with help-less babes in their arms. He made a breach, and his troops rushed in to the streets of the town. He had guns on the heights, and could lay the town low in a

short time. But he gave them still the chance to yield, and they saw that it must be done. The French went in and Na-po-le-on took the rule. He made some good laws. In less than five weeks, half of Spain was at his feet. The Eng-lish left by their Al-lies were in flight.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE ISLE OF LO-BAU.

IN the midst of a storm, Na-po-le-on urged on his troops in a forced march. The wind blew, and the snow fell in sheets that blocked up the paths. Na-po-le-on forced his way through the thronged gorge to the head of his ranks, and found they were held at bay by the storm. The guides said that they could not go through the wild passes of the Gua-dar-rama in such a blast. Na-po-le-on told the men to get down and lead their horses; so they all had to climb the steep way on foot. When they had crossed, the snow changed to rain. The wheels sank in ruts of mire. Gen-er-al Moore, who led the Eng-lish troops, was in full flight, and burnt each bridge when they had crossed it. The wrecks of his



CROSS-ING THE GUA-DAR-RAMA FLATS.

troops strewed the ground for leagues. While in the midst of all this, Na-po-le-on heard that Aus-tri-a had joined Eng-land to fight him in the North. The Turks were not pleased with him as the friend of Rus-sia, and threats came from the East. A great part of the Rus-sians wished to join Tur-key to Rus-sia, and as Na-po-le-on would not have that, they were his foes, though Alex-an-der, their Em-per-or, was still his friend. Once more a great war that would rock all Eu-rope seemed at hand. France was tired of wars, and so was Na-po-le-on.

But he must give up France to the Al-lies, or fight on. His plans were soon formed. He turned back from the Eng-lish troops that were in flight, and left them to Mar-shal Soult and his men. They cast down all that could stay them in their flight. Casks of coin were hurled down the rocks, and the French picked up gold by the hands full. As fast as a horse gave out the men shot it to keep it from the hands of the foe. Sir John



BU-RI-AL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Moore, who led the Eng-lish in this great flight, fell, struck by a ball. They wrapped him in the cloak that was stained by his blood, and made him a grave in haste, by night. He was a brave man, and there are some fine lines on his death. There was no time then for the Eng-lish to carve a line or hew a stone to show where this

brave man was laid, but the French did the work for them, in the days to come, and raised a stone to mark the spot where he fell.

Na-po-le-on turned his mind first to Spain. He wrote to Jo-seph, "Be at the same time just and strong. Make them fear you first, and then make them love you." He marched at once on to Spain, and took all their strong posts by the way. The Span-i-ards fought in the streets, from the roofs, from all nooks where they could hide, and such scenes of woe have not oft been seen. But Na-po-le-on won at last, and Jo-seph went back to Mad-rid, while bells rung and guns were fired. But the great mass of the Span-i-ards were cold to him. Na-po-le-on found now that Aus-tri-a had gone to work to raise troops. In Aus-tri-a and Rus-sia the cry went forth: "We wage no war on France, but on this man who has seized its throne and crown."

He soon heard that the Aus-tri-ans had marched to Ba-va-ri-a, and that the king had fled. The Aus-tri-an camp was at a place named Eck-muhl, where they had a great force. Na-po-le-on, in a swift march, came to the place at night. The dawn came with a dense fog, but the mild, warm sun, of an A-pril day, soon rose and the mist fled. The scene was a fair one, a green vale spread out, dotted here and there with the white tents of the Aus-tri-ans. A stream wound through it, fringed with trees and shrubs.

The foes now met, and a fire that shook the hills burst forth. Horse and men fell, but the troops plunged on. All day long the fight raged. The sun went down, and still it did not end. At length the Aus-tri-ans had lost two-thirds of their men, and a tramp of steeds was heard, that seemed to shake the earth, as they broke and fled. A wild shout for Na-po-le-on burst from the lips of the French. The fight of Eck-muhl was won, 20th of April, 1809. Heaps of dead were left on the field, and all the spoils fell in Na-po-le-on's hands. The Aus-tri-ans reached the town of Rat-is-bon, and went in and closed its gates. Then they lined the walls with their troops, but Na-po-le-on soon had his



NA-PO-LE-ON WOUND-ED AT RAT-IS-BON.

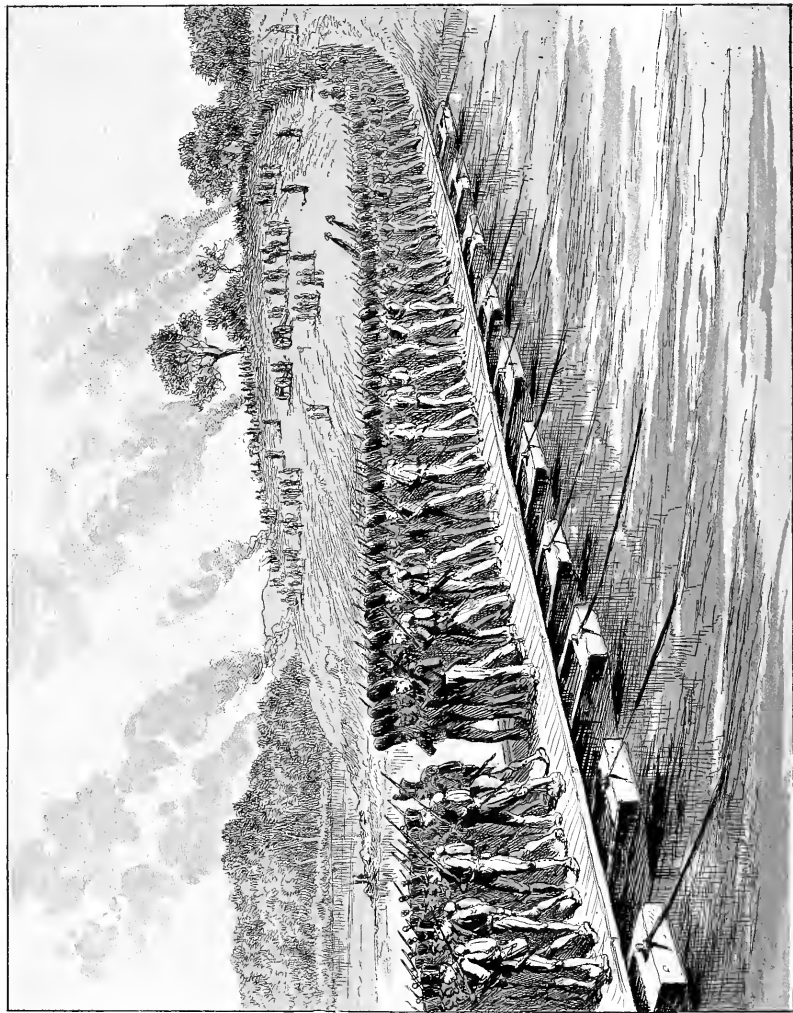
guns in place, so that they rained down balls on the masses in the streets, or on the bridge. A breach was soon made in the walls, and the French rushed in the town. A hand-to-hand fight took place with great loss. Na-po-le-on was struck by a ball on the foot. He was quite cool, and got down

from his horse, and had the wound dressed on the spot. His men heard of the wound, and rushed to his side thrilled with fear for their brave chief. Na-po-le-on felt their love for him. He smiled and shook hands with all in his reach, and showed them that he was not ill. As soon as he could, he was on his horse once more. When he rode through the lines, a great shout of joy went up on all sides.

The loss to the Aus-tri-ans was so great that they sought to hide in the passes of the hills from the French. A large part of Rat-is-bon had been burnt. It was owned by the King of Ba-va-ri-a, who was a friend of Na-po-le-on's; so he built the town up the same as it had been, and paid all the cost. Then he pressed on to Vi-en-na with his troops, and there was more than one fight on the way, but at last they came in sight of the town. Vi-en-na is built on a small branch of the Danube, some two miles from the main stream. It has a wall round it of strong brick work, and a walk one-fourth of a mile in width, set out with trees, runs all round the town on top of this wall. Na-po-le-on set his guns, where a hot fire could be sent in the town. Then he sent a flag of truce, but the one who bore it was killed. Then his fire broke forth. For ten hours

it fell on the crowded town, and shells crashed through the roofs of their homes. Flames burst from all parts of the place, and in the midst of all this, a flag of truce was sent out from the Aus-tri-ans. Na-po-le-on was told that a young girl, the child of the Em-per-or Francis, lay sick where his shot and shell fell fast. At once he had the guns changed. Strange to say, this young girl, Ma-ri-a Lou-ise, came to be in time, the wife of Na-po-le-on. At last, the town came to terms. Na-po-le-on did not make hard ones. In one month from the time he left Par-is, he was in the home of the Aus-tri-an Em-per-or. He found bread for those who were half-starved, and brought in loads of grain, so that the poor folks should not pay too much for their food. But though he had won in the face of such great odds, he was still in a hard place. He heard that the Em-per-or of Rus-sia had grown cold to him. Prus-sia was pledged not to draw a sword with his foes, but the Prus-sians were not his friends at heart. At last one of their chiefs marched out at the head of his troops, and called on all to join him in war on France. Hosts of men flocked to him. Eng-land, at the same time, sent troops in to Hol-land to seize a great place where guns were made. The Arch-duke Charles of Aus-tri-a had





IX.-CROSSING THE BRIDGE AT LAU-BAN.

marched down the left bank of the Dan-ube. From all parts hosts came to join him. The French were on the right bank of the stream, which was swelled with melted snow. How could Na-po-le-on cross such a flood with his troops. A short way down, the stream spread out into a bay, and there was an isle there named Lau-ban. In the night, Na-po-le-on had a bridge made that could float. Boats were put in place to hold planks, so that troops could march on them. The stream rose and swept the bridge loose, but there were men set to mend it, and the troops went on. The Aus-tri-ans sent out large boats filled with stones and mills, which had been swept loose from the flood. These last they set on fire, and they were hurled on the bridge of the French. All night long, Na-po-le-on urged on the march of his troops on this bridge. At dawn the fight went on. The brave Lannes dashed on at the head of his men. The great Arch-duke Charles seized a flag, and rushed to the head of his troops. It was in vain. The Aus-tri-ans lost, and cries of joy came from the French lines. But just then the news came, that the flood had swept the bridge off. The Dan-ube cut the French force in two. The Aus-tri-ans heard the news. They stopped their flight with shouts of joy, and turned back on the French.

The brave Lannes, while his ranks were plowed with shot and shell, moved back with slow steps. He was struck by a ball that took off both his legs. When Na-po-le-on heard this sad news he rushed to the side of his friend, fell on his knees by the rude couch on which they bore him, and clasped his hand: "Lannes," he cried, with tears, "do you not know me. It is the Em-per-or—it is your friend. Oh, Lannes, you will be saved to us."

Lannes raised his eyes to Na-po-le-on, and pressed his hand: "I wish to live to serve you and France," he said, "but I must die. In an hour you will have lost your best friend. May you live to save the troops of France."



DEATH OF LANNES.

Na-po-le-on broke down with his grief, but there was no time to mourn. The fight still raged. He could but press the hand of his dear friend, and say, "good bye."

Mas-se-na was one of Na-po-le-on's brave chiefs. He

led on his troops through smoke and flame. The fight went on night and day. Heaps of dead were strewn on the plains. It was now night. Black clouds were in the sky, and the rain drenched the troops. Na-po-le-on crossed the isle, and looked at the wild flood that had swept off his bridge. His heart did not fail. He sent for Gen-er-al Mas-se-na, and some more of his brave troops, and made a speech to them that thrilled their hearts. "Mas-se-na and Da-voust," he said, as he turned to them, "you live, you can save the troops."

Mas-se-na grasped the Em-per-or's hand. "You are a brave man, sire," he cried. "We will not fly. Let us cross the small branch of the Dan-ube, and I pledge my word to drown in it each foe that tries to take me."

Na-po-le-on, in the dead of night, crossed the flood in a frail skiff, and then from a small town he sent back food, and wine, and all things he could get for the troops on the isle. In the night, Mas-se-na sent his men by the small bridge. He was the last one to cross. He did not leave till he was sure there was not one man or horse left.

CHAPTER IX.

HE PARTS WITH JO-SE-PHINE.

THE 4th of Ju-ly, 1809, was dark with storm. As night came on the gloom grew, rain fell in sheets. At the call of Na-po-le-on his whole force fell on the Aus-tri-ans at all points at once. The glare of bombs and shells lit the scene, and the sound of guns rent the air. At dawn the sky cleared. The sun beams smote the steel of arms, that gleamed in its rays, and touched the plumes, and flags, and the bright hued dress of the troops. It was a grand scene, but the clash of arms, the shrieks and cries of the wounded, the death groans, the tramp of steeds, and the blood stained earth, soon changed all to a scene of woe. For nine miles, the troops on foot or horse, stood in rank, and fought on still, with no more care for the balls, than if they had been snow flakes. Mas-se-na was there, though he had a bad wound. He urged on his men from his coach, while the balls plowed the ground round him. Na-po-le-on rode through the lines on a horse as white as snow. Shots flew all round him. Mac-don-ald, a brave chief, made the grand charge

of the day, on the left wing of the Aus-tri-ans, but his loss was great. His guns were wrecked, but he pushed on his men in the face of a fierce fire. At each blast from the guns of the foe, his ranks would reel back, like a strong ship struck by a wave. Then the drums would beat a charge, and the voice of Mac-don-ald would cheer them, and once more they would go on. It seemed that the torn mass must break and fly. The Aus-tri-ans stretched out like two walls of fire. No such charge has been heard of in the wars of the world. Ten men fell for one that was spared in Mac-don-ald's force. The Old Guard came to his help at last, and soon the ranks of the Aus-tri-ans were pierced, and the day was won.

The Arch-duke Charles fled. He left the great part of his force dead, or stretched on the plains with wounds, or in the hands of the French. Aus-tri-a was once more at the feet of Na-po-le-on. This was the great fight of Wag-ram.

The Aus-tri-ans saw that they must come to terms. Once more peace was made, but Aus-tri-a did not mean to keep it. Still Na-po-le-on thought they did, and he was full of joy. Bells were rung, and guns fired.

As he left Vi-en-na, he gave word that the mines he had laid should be fired, so as to blow up the strong



BLOW-ING UP THE WALLS OF VI-EN-NA.

forts round the walls of the town. These walls were the pride of the town folks, who loved to walk on the top of them, where trees were set out. To see them raised in the air, and the fire run through them with its roar, and the strong forts fall in heaps of stone, was a sad sight.

That this should be done in cold blood, when peace had been signed, was thought by the Aus-tri-ans to show that Na-po-le-on had no kind thoughts for them.

All this time, war raged in Spain. The Eng-lish helped the Span-iards in their fight with their king. Joseph Bo-na-parté was one of the best of men, but he did not know how to deal with war. That great chief, the Duke of Wel-ling-ton, was at the head of the Eng-lish troops. He had hard work to tame his men, for they were like a mob, and robbed right and left. Na-po-le-on marched his troops to It-a-ly, and claimed that the States of the Church were part of the realm

of France. Then the Pope sent out a law that was called a bull, to say that he had put the ban on Na-po-le-on, and he must be cast out of the Church. A large part of the I-tal-ians longed to be free of the Pope's rule, and they hailed Na-po-le-on with joy.

We have come now to a sad part of this great man's life, for we must tell of the time when it seemed best to him, to break the bonds that held him to his good wife, Jo-se-phine. He had said she was the star of his life, and it seemed to be true, for when she was gone, fate seemed to smile on him no more.

By some it is said that Na-po-le-on wished to wed one who had the blood of kings in her veins, and for this cause he gave up the fond wife who had been his best friend for years. It may be true that he thought if he took a wife from the great line of the Aus-tri-an kings, he would make his own throne more strong, and put an end to the long wars with that land. The French, too, wished for an heir to the throne.

He thought of all this for a long time, but said no word to Jo-se-phine. At last the sad news had to be told to her. It was the last day of No-vem-ber, 1809. The Em-press had heard that there was some talk of this kind, with a heart full of grief. Na-po-le-on had a

dread of her tears, but he felt that he must speak to her at last. Jo-se-phine had wept for hours in her own room. When they met to dine, she was pale as death, and they were too sad to speak a word. Jo-se-phine sat still as if carved in stone. At last Na-po-le-on rose and closed the door. He, too, had grown pale, and his voice shook as he spoke. He went to the Em-press, took her hand, and placed it on his heart. "Jo-se-phine," he said, "my good Jo-se-phine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you I owe the few hours of joy I have known in this world. Jo-se-phine, my fate is more strong than my will. I must yield to the will of France."



NA-PO-LE-ON PART-ING WITH JO-SE-PHINE.

This sad blow, as he feared, pierced her heart. She fell in a dead faint on the floor. Na-po-le-on, in a fright, rushed to the door and called for help. Some one came, and they bore Jo-se-phine up a flight of stairs to her room.

She was placed on a bed, and he rang for her

maids. As Na-po-le-on stood by her in deep grief, she cried out to him: "Oh, no, no," she said, "you will not do it! You do not wish to kill me."

The Em-per-or went to his own room, and paced the floor all night. His eyes were full of tears, and those who were near heard him say: "For the sake of France I must not shrink, yet it wrings my heart. Such a scene as I have just gone through cuts me to the soul. I thought she would be more firm. I did not look for such wild grief." Each hour of the night he went to his wife's door to see how she was. Hor-tense was with her. She told the Em-per-or, in sad tones, that the Em-press would do his will, and that she and Eu-gene would leave all and go with her. They wished to spend the rest of their days with her, and hoped their love would be some balm for her deep grief.

The Em-per-or wept. "Do not leave me, Hor-tense," he said, "but stay by me with Eu-gene. Help me to calm her, and make her my friend still, though she should cease to be my wife."

Eu-gene came. Na-po-le-on was fond of him and Hor-tense, but now they both turned from him. The grief of Jo-se-phine cut them to the heart, and they could not love the man who had wronged her.

"I will serve this man no more," cried Eu-gene. When Na-po-le-on sought to grasp his hand, he drew back.

"Is it true, sire," he asked, "that you mean to cast off your wife, the Em-press?"

Na-po-le-on could not speak, but he bowed his head.

"In that case, I must ask you to let me leave your troops. I can not serve you more."

"What," cried Na-po-le-on, "will you, who have been like my own son, leave me?"

"Yes, sire," said Eu-gene, "the son of her who is no more your Em-press, has no place here. I will go with her. Hor-tense and I must mourn with her."

The Em-per-or plead with Eu-gene, with tears, and Jo-se-phine, too, begged him still to serve Na-po-le-on. "He has been a good friend to you," she said, "and you owe all to him." Na-po-le-on talked to Eu-gene till he made his act seem right to the son of her he meant to put from him.

The sad day came. In the grand room, of the proud home of the kings of France, the chief men met with the Em-per-or and Jo-se-phine. Na-po-le-on, with a pale face but a firm voice, spoke to them. He told them of his grief, but he thought the step he was to take

was for the best good of France. He had no cause for blame, nought but words of praise to speak of his good wife. "She was crowned by my hand! She must keep the name and rank of Em-press. More than all, let her not doubt my love, but think of me as her best friend."

Jo-se-phine held in her hand some lines that she strove to read, but sobs choked her voice.

One who stood near, read for her. She gave up to the Em-per-or's will, and "Thus," she said, "I give him the best proof of my love. The Em-per-or will at all times find in me his best friend. I know how this act has rent his heart, but we both wish to yield up our own wills for the good of France."

All who heard these words, by which Jo-se-phine gave up what was most dear to her, were moved to tears.

Na-po-le-on led her to her own room, and left her to the kind care of Eu-gene and Hor-tense.

The next day, the act to part the Em-per-or from Jo-se-phine was signed. Na-po-le-on, in his robes of state, pale and worn with care, stood with his eyes fixed in gloom. It was a sad scene. It seemed as though they had met to mourn the dead.

Through a side-door came Jo-se-phine. Her face was as white as the robe she wore. She leant on the arm of Hor-tense, who sobbed all the time. As the Em-press came in all rose, in tears! With the grace that marked her at all times, Jo-se-phine moved to a seat. She leant her pale brow on her hand, while the act was read. Eu-gene stood by her, but he shook like a leaf.

When the act was read, Jo-se-phine rose, and in a clear voice took the oath, that was to break the tie, which bound her to Na-po-le-on. Then she sat down and signed the deed, that was to part her from the one her heart held most dear in the world.

Eu-gene's strength gave way. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell in a swoon on the floor. He was borne out, and Jo-se-phine and Hor-tense went with him.

Night came on, a night of gloom. Jo-se-phine wept in her room, but at last could bear it no more. She sought the Em-per-or, and wept in his arms. He, too, shed tears, and told her his love for her would last as long as his life.

There was a grand place called Mal-mai-son, near Paris, where the Em-per-or and Em-press had spent

some of the most bright days of their lives. Na-po-le-on gave this place to Jo-se-phine to be her home, and she had a large sum to spend each year.

All those who had served her were on hand, to see her leave the home she had graced so long. She was veiled from head to foot. As she came down the grand stairs, she waived her hand to the friends who stood there in a crowd, for she could not speak. Then she was borne away, and she saw her old home no more.

Na-po-le-on wrote to her, and begged her to take care of her health. He called to see her, told her of his plans, while they walked through the fair grounds of Mal-mai-son. He sought to do all he could to soothe her grief. He thought that what he had done was for the best, but time proved that from the hour he gave up Jo-se-phine his luck changed. It was, as he had said: "his star rose and set with her."

CHAPTER X.

ON TO MOS-COW.

THREE months passed, and the talk of all was the choice for a new bride for Na-po-le-on. The young Ma-ri-a Lou-i-sa of Aus-tri-a was the one fixed on to be the next Em-press of the French. She was a blonde, her form was fine, and the bloom of youth was on her cheek. When she first knew that she was to wed Na-po-le-on, she was in a great fright. She had heard of him as a fierce man, who loved to fight and wade through seas of gore. When she spoke of this, they told her, "That was all true when he was our foe, but now he will be our friend."

To show how they looked on Na-po-le-on in the court of Aus-tri-a, it is told that one of the Em-per-or's boys used to burn his dolls now and then, as he would say: "Now I will roast Na-po-le-on!"

When Ma-ri-a Lou-i-sa was wed to Na-po-le-on, this child told him: "I will roast you no more, for I love you too much. You give Ma-ri-a Lou-i-sa so much gold to buy me toys."

When Na-po-le-on rode with his bride through the streets of Par-is, there was one great shout of joy. The bells rang, shots were fired, and flags waved in the air.

Jo-se-phine wrote to the Em-per-or, and wished him joy, though her heart was wrung at the thoughts of this new bride.

Na-po-le-on wished for no more war. He was now bound by his new wife to one of the great thrones of Eu-rope, and he hoped for peace. But Eng-land, with her fleet, would not let him rest. She was on hand where a shot or shell could be thrown. She used her gold to make foes for him on this side and on that. She fanned the fire of war that had gone out, till it blazed once more.

For this course on the part of Eng-land, Na-po-le-on made up his mind to keep out the trade of that land, and close all his ports to her goods. He had placed Lou-is Bo-na-parte on the throne of Hol-land, and he called on him to put this law in force. But he did not, so that Eng-lish goods were sent to all the ports of Hol-land, and from them found their way to all parts of Eu-rope, though Lou-is had pledged his word that it should not be so. Na-po-le-on wrote to him, and told him that Hol-land was bound to France, that he had set him on

the throne of Hol-land, and hoped to find him a friend. "They who do not love France, do not love me," he said.

Lou-is took this ill. He wished to do as he chose, and trade with Eng-land. At last he gave up his throne and left Hol-land. He was in ill health, and his wife, Hor-tense, whom he loved, had left him.

Na-po-le-on felt great grief at the flight of Lou-is. He thought that if Hor-tense had done right, she would have gone to Hol-land, with Lou-is, but she chose to stay in Par-is.

On the 19th of March, 1811, a son was born to Na-po-le-on. The guns boomed, and all the folk went to work to count the times they were fired. For if they went up to five score, it would show that a prince was born. Great throngs stood still in the street, and when they knew that the babe was a boy, a roar of cheers went up from the throats of the vast crowd. The child was called the King of Rome. No one who heard the joy with which the birth of this babe was hailed, could have dreamed that he would live his life far from the fair realm of France, and die at last in a strange land.

The bells rang out the glad news of this birth, and joy filled all France. Jo-se-phine heard it, and wrote

some kind words to Na-po-le-on. She said: "It is from you I wish to know if your child is well, if he looks like you, and if I may, one day, hope to meet him?"

She had just sent off this note when one came to her from Na-po-le-on. She wept as she read it, for he wrote: "This child, with *our* Eu-gene, will be my hope, and that of France."

Jo-se-phine said, with tears, "What could soothe my heart like this? You see, he blends *the name of my son with his own*. It is this that has so much moved me."

Na-po-le-on wished Jo-se-phine to see his babe, and formed a plan, at last, by which he could show him to her. Ma-ri-a Lou-is-a had no love for the first wife, and did all she could to keep Na-po-le-on from her. She told him, that if he must go and see Jo-se-phine, she did not wish to know it.

The child brought great joy to the heart of Na-po-le-on. He watched him day by day, and loved to guide his first steps. He chose Mad-ame Mon-tes-quieu to teach the boy. The rooms, where the young King of Rome spent his time, were on the ground floor, and looked out on the courts of the Tuil-er-ies. At all hours of the day, those who passed could look in and see the boy. One day, when he was in a rage, and

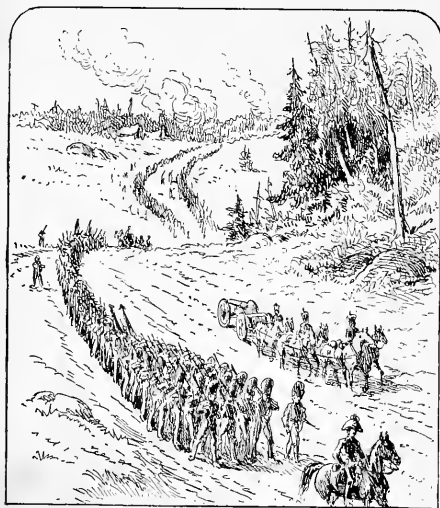
would not do as he was told, Mad-ame shut up the rooms, and he found, all at once, that he was in the dark. "What does this mean?" he cried. "I love you too well," she said, "to let the crowd see you in this state. You will, one day, be called to rule all these folks. Do you think they would mind you if they saw you in such a fit of rage?"

The child seemed to see the good sense of this. He begged her to let in the light, and said he would be good once more.

When Na-po-le-on was far from his dear France, on the lone Isle of St. He-le-na, he used to say, "Ah, if I had my boy at my side, this bare rock would seem like home. How it would cheer me to watch his growth, to see his sports, and guide his mind."

Em-per-or Al-ex-an-der, of Rus-sia, had grown cool to Na-po-le-on. He wished the Em-per-or to give his word that Po-land should not be made free. Rus-sia and Prus-sia had shared the land of Po-land, and sent their own men to rule the Po-lish folk. Na-po-le-on would not put his seal to an act that Po-land should not be free, and so Rus-sia, once more, raised the cry of war. Na-po-le-on did all he could for peace. Eng-land, with her fleet, was queen of the sea. So Na-po-

le-on had to gird up his strength for war once more. He must fight Eng-land on the sea, Rus-sia on the North, and Spain in the South. He called all his friends to help, Prus-sia, Aus-tri-a, It-a-ly, Sax-o-ny. They came at his word, a great force. The day was bright, the fields were green, the skies were blue, as they set out on their march. The sun shone on long lines of men. The bright flags, the flash of steel, the tramp of steeds, the beat of drums, made a gay scene. The Em-per-or of Rus-sia saw that his troops could not face such a force. He sent his men word to march back, but to leave nought for the foe, to tear down bridges, and burn towns and stores of food, so that the French should be left in a strange land to starve. Na-po-le-on urged his troops on. They had streams to ford, and bridges to build, but nought stopped him. He reached that part of Po-land which Rus-sia owned, and the Po-lish young men on all sides rose up and hailed him as their friend. They begged Na-po-le-on to free them from the Rus-sian yoke. Crowds of them joined his troops. The Rus-sians were still in flight. Na-po-le-on did not know where to find the foe. He was in a strange land, with no food. His men died by the scores. The horses fell sick. There seemed nought



THE MARCH TO MOS-COW.

to do but march on to Mos-cow. There, he thought, they must find food and rest. He did not dream that Al-ex-an-der would set fire to that great town, with its grand houses, and hosts of men. But the Em-per-or of Rus-sia had all things in train to burn Mos-cow, if the French should take it.

Na-po-le-on took up the

march. His men were weak from want of food, but they pressed on with brave hearts. They had one fight near the walls of Mos-cow. The night was cold and dark. The fires of the Rus-sian camp could be seen for miles. Na-po-le-on pitched his tent in the midst of the squares of the Old Guard. He feared a new flight of the Rus-sians, and he would not sleep. He grew ill, and his head throbbed with pain, but as soon as light came, he was at the head of his troops. The sun rose, and cheers rang out from the French lines. The first fire came

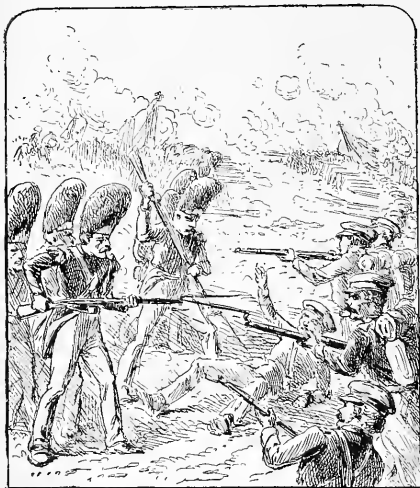
from the Russian troops, and then a loud peal burst forth on the plain. Gen-er-al Da-voust was struck down from his horse, and word was brought to Na-po-le-on that he was dead. When he heard that the great chief was once more at the head of his troops, on a new horse, he cried, "God be praised."

All day long the tide of fight rolled on, but Na-po-le-on kept back his guard till the last, so that he might have a fresh force to strike a blow when the right time came.

The French won as the sun went down. The Russians moved back, but fought each inch of ground. Na-po-le-on's soul was full of gloom, though he had won the day. The loss of life on both sides was great. More than two score of his great chiefs had been killed or wounded.

This fight of Bor-o-di-no filled all the land of France with grief for the dead.

The Russians fled to Mos-cow. They tore down bridges, and burnt all in their way. For a week the French, worn and sick, marched on, with the hope that they would find food at Mos-cow. As they drew near the town, all was still, not a sound was heard. They found that all had fled, but a few wretches left to set fire

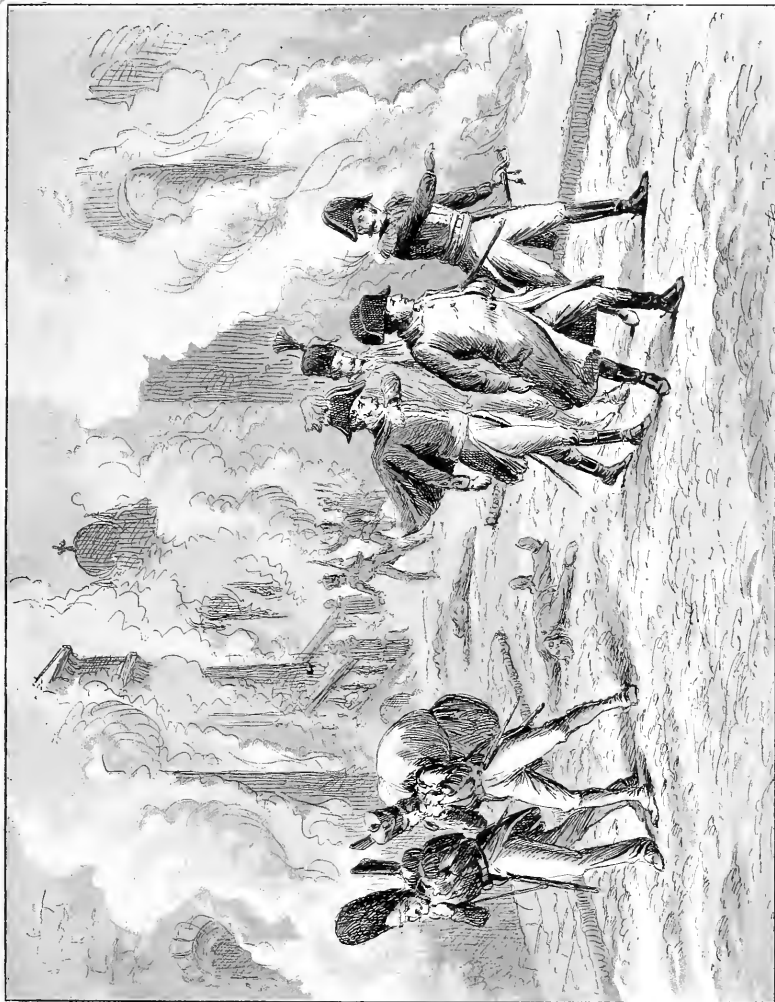


THE BATTLE OF BOR-O-DI-NA.

to the place. Na-po-le-on did not know the plot that had been laid, to put an end to him and his troops. Shells had been hid in places where they would burst, as the flames reached them, and blow up all in their reach. Mines were laid 'neath the Krem-lin, where Na-po-le-on and his staff were lodged. The founts

had been filled up so that there was no drink, or means to put out a fire.

The French knew nought of all this. The houses were all of wood, and a drought had made them dry. Na-po-le-on was weighed down with a gloom that he could not shake off, but, at last, worn out and weak, he went to bed. All at once the cry of "Fire," rang through the streets. Far off in the east, great waves of smoke, pierced with flame, were to be seen. Then came the burst of shells, and the earth heaved, and houses were thrown up in the air. The flames swept on all



X.-BURN-ING OF MOS-COW.



sides. Mines were sprung, shells burst, guns went off, the earth quaked, the whole town was wrapped in a robe of fire. Men were choked with smoke, singed with flame, and ran here and there in the strange streets, lost in a town they did not know. At last the Krem-lin took fire. There was a ring of flame round it, so that it was hard to find a way out. Na-po-le-on and his friends found at last a small street through which they toiled, blinded and choked with heat and smoke. Once their guide missed his way, and they gave up for lost, but Na-po-le-on was calm. They made their way at last out of the doomed town. The fire raged on, till nought was left to burn. All the great houses, full of works of art, all that wealth could crowd in them, all the rich stores of past times, were burnt. Rich shawls and furs, pearls and gems, were strown on the ground, but the troops were sick for food. Horse flesh and black bread were all they could find to eat. The men lost heart. They were in the heart of the land of the foe, far from help, and soon the cold winds would sweep the plains. There was a class of men in Rus-sia called serfs. They were like slaves, and had to do their lords' will. These men would have joined Na-po-le-on, and turned on their lords, if he had let them. But he knew

that this would flood the land with blood. He hoped still to make the Em-per-or of Rus-sia once more his friend. The French troops stayed four weeks in Mos-cow. They could not live there, and Na-po-le-on made up his mind to go to Po-land, where he would find friends and food.



CHAPTER XI.

HIS STAR GROWS DIM.

NA-PO-LE-ON had to choose a new route of march. He heard that the Rus-sians had a great host, in the passes through which he must force his way. Bands of men, called Cos-sacks, were hid, where they could rush out on his troops like a pack of wolves. With a sad heart, Na-po-le-on made up his mind, that the Rus-sians in these passes, were too strong for him, and that he must turn his back on them. This was the first of a long list of woes. The Rus-sians heard that the French were in flight, and they were mad with joy. Then came scenes of woe that pen can not tell. The snow was strewn with the dead for miles, left for wolves

to eat. The cold blasts swept from the hills, and drove the sleet in the faces of the men. Their clothes were thin, and their limbs were chilled. They could not keep their ranks. Scores fell, and could not rise. Soon a sheet of snow dropped on them, and small, white mounds marked their cold graves.



THE RE-TREAT FROM MOS-COW.

To add to the woe of the scene, troops of Cos-sacks came down on them. They slashed men with their swords, as they reeled in the snow. They stripped their clothes from them, and left them to freeze.

Night came on. Oh, what a night! There was no dry wood to make a fire, and a wild waste of snow

stretched round them on all sides. The storm raged on. The poor men were so worn out, that they lay down in the drifts of snow, and scores of them froze to death. Horses were killed, so that the men might drink the warm blood, and gain some strength.

The light of dawn showed rows of white mounds, where brave men lay cold in death. Marshal Ney, with his men, kept at the rear of the troops, and fought each mile of the road. Now and then he would turn back, and plunge in the dense mass of the foe, with his men, in a way that has won him fame for all time. He did his best to keep back the Russians, who were close in the rear of the French troops.

On the 29th of November, Napoleon reached Smolensk. He had hoped to find food and clothes for his troops, but things were in a sad state. There was some food, but Napoleon sent it to Ney and his men, for he said, "Those who have to fight must eat first." At the same time he sent word to Ney to stop the march of the Russians, if he could, so that the troops might have time to rest.

The brave Ney faced the foe at once. He seized a gun and fought in the ranks. He moved his small force with such skill, that he kept the Russians back a whole

day, and gave Na-po-le-on's troops that much time to rest.

Just as the Em-per-or reached Smo-lensk, he heard bad news from Par-is. A band of men had been formed, who wished to put on the throne one of the old line of kings. Na-po-le-on felt that he must get to Par-is as soon as he could, to put down this plot, and to get men and gold to go on with the war.

Na-po-le-on with his men stayed in Smo-lensk five days. He heard sad news from Ney and Eu-gene. Swarms of Cos-sacks prowled round them, and fought them, in flank and rear, then took to the woods to hide.

In the dim light one cold, dark day, the French troops left Smo-lensk. There had been such great loss, that there was but a small force. The roads were smooth with ice. The horses, whose shoes were worn smooth, slipped and fell. The men had to drag the great guns up the hills. At times, men, guns and horses, rolled down the steep sides of the hills in the dark. Then the grape shot of the foe would plow their ranks. The days were short, the nights long and drear. The first day they gained but few miles. The Rus-sians were well clothed, and well armed, and they gained the heights, and set their guns in place to stop the march of the French.

But the Guard swept them back, and marched on while a rain of balls fell on them.

Eu-gene, with his men, was some miles in the rear, and the Rus-sians planted their troops in his road, and said he must yield. The French were few, but brave. They formed a square, and tried to cut their way through the Rus-sian ranks. The fire of the foe poured in on them, and the ground was strewn with the dead. Night, cold, long and dark, came to Eu-gene's aid. He left the camp fires still in a blaze, to make the Rus-sians think he was there. Then, with the few men left to him, he crept through the fields in the dark, and made his way to a safe place. Once the moon burst from the clouds, and the Rus-sian guard saw the band in flight. But a Pole, a friend to the French, saved them. He spoke to the guard in Rus-sian, and led him to think that the men were some Rus-sian troops. In this way, Eu-gene, at last, reached the Em-per-or. Na-po-le-on now waited for Ney. For two days his small band stood on the plain, while the troops of the foe held the heights on each side of them. He made up his mind, at last, to go back and find Ney and his men. It was a bold move. With so small a force, to turn back, brave the great host of foes, face the cold blasts, the ice bound

roads, and fight his way back through the wilds of Russia, to save Ney, showed how true Na-po-le-on was to his friends.

The Em-per-or, at the head of his guards, marched straight on the foe, and stood their fire. At last, Davoust forced his way to his aid, and the two bands met. Na-po-le-on asked for Ney. He had not been heard from. It was thought he was lost.

Still Na-po-le-on did not wish to go. He could not bear the thought that he must leave his brave friend in the hands of the foe. But there seemed no help for it. If they lost more time, the Russians would cut them off. He left Davoust to hold the foe in check, while he left the field.

With a beech stick in his hand, he toiled on foot. He felt deep grief for the lost Ney. He spoke of his brave fights, and his true heart. The night came on, but he did not sleep. They heard him say, "The state of my poor men cuts me to the heart. Yet, I can not help them till I am fixed in some place. I must reach Minsk as soon as I can."

Just as he said these words, a man rushed in, and told him that Minsk, with all its store of food and arms, was in the hands of the foe.

For a while Na-po-le-on could not speak, the blow was so great. Then he said, "All that is left us now, is to force our way on." So they set out on that dread march, which was marked by a trail of the dead. The men were in rags, or wrapt in horse skins. The cold was so great, that they froze while they starved. Horses and men died by scores each night. Yet they were brave still, and kept off the hordes of well fed Russians in their way. At last they reached Or-cha, a town in Po-land, where they found food, and all they could need.

The brave Da-voust was in rags when he reached the town. His face was white with frost. He was nought but skin and bone, from long fasts and toil. He seized a loaf of bread and ate it, like a starved man.

Na-po-le-on still sought news of Ney. He had not been heard from for four days, but they hoped still. All at once there came a shout, "Mar-shal Ney is safe!" Na-po-le-on sprang from his chair, and seized the man who had brought the news, by both arms.

"Is it true? Are you sure?" he cried.

Then, in a burst of joy, he cried, "I would give all the gold in my vaults in the Tuil-er-ies, to save Mar-shal Ney!"

It was a dark, cold night, but at the word, a band of men left the warm fires, and set out to find Ney. They marched through ice and snow for six miles. They stopped now and then, but no sound of the lost ones could be heard. The stream, chill and drear, flowed at their side. Dark clumps of pines and firs were round them. Eu-gene, who led the men, bade them fire a shot. Far off, a faint sound came back to them. Then the two corps met. Eu-gene clasped his friend in his arms, and wept for joy.

When Ney once more saw Na-po-le-on, and told him all he had passed through, the Em-per-or grasped his hand, and called him "the most brave of the brave."

When Ney had left Smo-lensk, he had few men, but when he reached Or-cha, three fourths of them were gone. They had traced on the way the sad rout of the French, by the dead who lay on the roads. All at once the foe sprang on them. A mist hid them from sight, till there was nought to do but stop and face them. The Rus-sian chief asked for the sword of Ney. He knew he had to deal with such a brave man, that he said he would not ask such a thing, if there were the least hope for the French. Ney might see the great force the Rus-sians had, he might send a man through the ranks

and count them. So that he could find there was nought for him to do but to give up. Ney said, "A Mar-shal of France does not know how to give up."

While he spoke, scores of guns sent out their load of grape shot in to French breasts. The hills that had been so cold and dark, seemed all at once to blaze with fire. Ney saw that the Russian had told the truth. On all sides of him the foe stood rank on rank. They were well fed, well clothed, and had a strong place. On the French side, were a few half starved men. Some had no arms, some were so weak they could scarce hold the poor arms they still kept. Yet Ney had no thought but to fight to the last, and cut his way through the ranks of the foe. He marched at the head of his men, and, with his six guns, rushed on a foe that had ten score. The odds were too great, and he had to turn back, and seek the wilds once more. His men's hearts died in them, as they found they must turn their back on France, on their Em-per-or, who had gone on, and their friends in the ranks. They came to a stream. Ney broke the ice, to see which way it ran. "This stream shall be our guide," he said, and they toiled on. At a bend in the stream, the ice was clogged, so that they thought they could cross.

Ney, wrapped in his cloak, lay down on the snow, and slept, while his men crossed one by one. The ice was thin, and bent, and cracked, as they stepped on it. Next came the carts, with the stores and the sick. Then the frail ice broke, and most of them sunk. The Cossacks tracked Ney and his men in this flight, and kept up a fire on them.

He pressed on, by day and by night, with no rest, till at last the two wrecks of what had been so great a force, met at Or-cha.



CHAPTER XII.

“FATE MARKS THE FALL OF FRANCE.”

NA-PO-LE-ON left his men in Po-land. He told them he would soon come back, at the head of a great force.

As soon as it was known that the French had been forced to leave Rus-sia, new foes rose to fight them. Eng-land was full of joy. Prus-sia was glad to have a chance to join the foes of Na-po-le-on. The Ger-man states were forced to fight France, or see their own kings lose their thrones. The King of Sax-o-ny fled,

and the Al-lies marched to Dres-den. Na-po-le-on did not lose heart. He raised new troops, and met the Al-lies on the plains of Lut-zen.

His men were, for the most part, young, and full of the fire of youth, but they had not been trained like the troops he had lost. The foe were old and tried men, and felt sure they would win. They rent the air with cheers, as they rushed on the raw troops. The Em-per-or was calm, though he saw the foe was two to his one. He had few horses, while the foe had hosts of them. He said, "I have no fear, my men can fight on foot. I trust the day to the young men of France."

The Al-lies sent out such a fire, that they mowed down Na-po-le-on's ranks, till they turned and fled. The Em-per-or rode through the storm of balls to cheer them. When he was seen, shouts went up for him. For eight hours the fight raged. Then the Guard, who had been kept back till the last, was brought forth. They seemed lost in clouds of dust and smoke, as they rushed on the foe. But the flash of their guns through the gloom, showed that the foe was in flight. The French had won, and Na-po-le-on slept on the field of the fight. France was filled with joy at the news.

His foes next made a stand at Baut-zen. Na-po-le-on felt, in spite of all he had won, that his star had grown dim, and the reins would soon slip from his hands. He met the foe at Baut-zen, and once more they fled from him, but he still wished, most of all, for peace. He tried to see the Em-per-or of Rus-sia, but failed. The Al-lies fixed such terms for peace that Na-po-le-on felt that they wished to make France weak. He knew that he would not gain a real peace if he should yield, but that more and more would be asked. So no peace was made, and Aus-tri-a joined the band of Al-lies to crush Na-po-le-on. Blu-cher, a great and brave man, led the troops of Aus-tri-a and Prus-sia.

They laid siege first to Dres-den, with a vast force. Sax-o-ny had kept friends with the French, and when Na-po-le-on and his men came, they hailed them with joy. But the fair town saw scenes of woe in the next few days. Balls fell like hail on it, shells burst, and flames



THE DE-FENCE OF DRES-DEN.

broke out in all parts of the town. Na-po-le-on took the head of his troops. His aids were struck down at his side by the shot of the foe. A storm of rain came on, and the roar of the guns mixed with the roar of the storm. The Em-per-or was wet to the skin. He had not slept, and he was quite ill, but still he rode here and there to speak words of cheer.

“I will rest,” he said, “when you all can rest, my lads, that is, when we have won the fight.”

Night came on, with floods of rain. A cold storm swept through the streets. Morn came with wind and rain. From the first ray of light the fight raged. Gen-er-al Mo-reau, who had once fought on Na-po-le-on's side, was now with his foes. He was killed in this fight, and his grave was made in that strange land far from France. A stone was raised to mark the spot where he fell.

Na-po-le-on lay on a sick bed in Dres-den, when word was brought to him of great loss. Gen-er-al Mac-don-ald, with his men, had been hemmed in by Blu-cher, in a small pass, and forced to yield. Gen-er-al Ney had to fly from the foe. Na-po-le-on could not bear such news. He rose from his sick bed, and once more took the head of his troops. Blu-cher, with his men, marched

on Dres-den, but turned and fled when met by the French.

Na-po-le-on held Dres-den still, but each day his strength grew less. The gold of Eng-land bought some of the men who were not French. Ba-va-ri-a was forced to leave, and join the Al-lies. Spite of all, Na-po-le-on was not daunted. He had a plan to march to Ber-lin, but his chiefs, worn out by toil, urged him to give it up. Na-po-le-on heard what they had to say, with deep gloom. He felt that there was no way but that to give his foes a death blow. He said to a friend, "All is lost. It is vain to fight fate. The French know not how to bear loss."

He could not go on if his chiefs were not with him. He had to make up his mind to go back to Liep-sic, but he felt that France was lost. "Fate," he said, "has marked the fall of France."

Each one of the Al-lies had been in his hand in their turn, and he had dealt with them in a kind way. Now we will show how they treated him. He asked for a short truce, and they did not heed it. He was so ill that his friends feared the worst, for he took no rest or food.

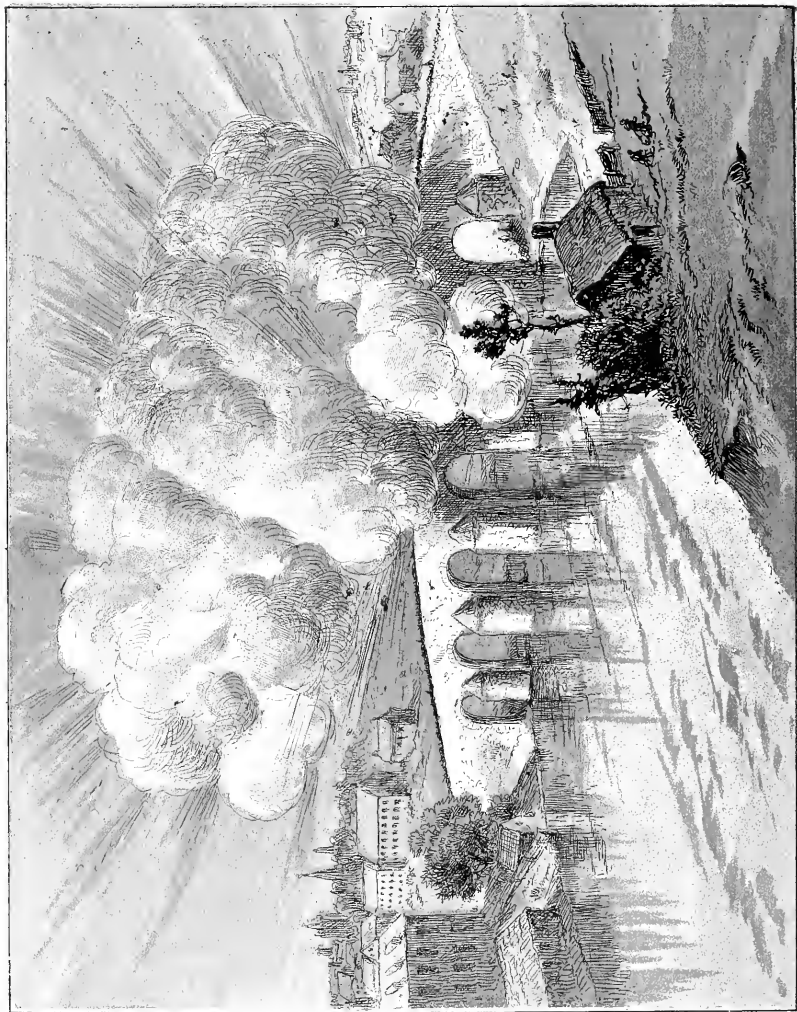
When the sun rose, it showed the great host of the

Al-lies, as far as the eye could reach. Soon came the roar of the fight. The foe had five men to their one. Na-po-le-on rode through clouds of smoke, and heaps of the slain. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Men fell on all sides, but no ball struck him. All at once the whole Sax-on corps took their guns with them, and



DE-SER-TION OF THE SAX-ON CORPS.

joined the ranks of the foe. Na-po-le-on was stunned by the blow. The French were in such a rage at this base trick, that they rushed in mad force on the Sax-ons with a cry, "Down with the Sax-ons," and forced them to fly.



XI.—BLOWING UP THE BRIDGE AT LIEP-SIC.

Night came, and the troops on both sides were worn out. News was brought then to Na-po-le-on that his men could not hold out more than two hours, as there was nought left with which to load the guns. His head fell on his breast. "Is it a dream," he said, as if such news could not be true. There was nought left but to leave that place as soon as they could. There was but one bridge on the stream by which the French could cross. The camp fires were kept up to make the foe think they were still there. Leip-sic seemed doomed. The balls fell thick and fast on it. The King of Sax-o-ny, still Na-po-le-on's friend, was there. When the Em-per-or took his leave of him, he said, "France will pay her debt to you some day, my friend." He then made his way, with his men, through a small lane to the bridge. The balls of the Al-lies rained on them. The foe had rushed in to Leip-sic with shouts. The plan had been, that when the French had crossed the bridge, it should be blown up. The man who was to do this, lost his mind, and set the torch to the bridge too soon. With a great burst of sound, the bridge, with all its load of men, and horses, and guns, was thrown in the air. By this, half the troops were cut off, and left in the hands of the foe. They fled here and there.

Mac-don-ald plunged in the stream on his horse, and swam to the shore.

Na-po-le-on, with what was left of his men, made his way to Er-furth. Mu-rat, who had fought so well, now saw that the cause was lost. Na-po-le-on had set the crown of Na-ples on his head, but he did not scorn to leave him in his hour of need. He sent word to the foe, that if they would pledge their word to keep him on his throne, he would join their side, with his troops. They did so, and he took his leave, and joined the Al-lies.

CHAPTER XIII.

PAR-IS GIVES UP THE FIGHT.

THE base act of Mu-rat did not keep the crown on his head, as all will be glad to hear. He sold the French, but the price was not paid. He left a stain on his name for all time to come. Na-po-le-on felt that he could not keep his friends now, in the face of such a force, as the Al-lies had in their rear. He called the Ba-va-ri-an troops that were left, and gave

them leave to go to their homes. The Poles said they would share his fate.

At last, with what was left of his troops, he reached Par-is. Ma-ri-a Lou-ise feared to meet him since the Aus-tri-ans had turned and joined his foes.

When the Em-per-or entered her room, she burst in a flood of tears, but he soothed her with words of love. Their boy was brought in, and Na-



NA-PO-LE-ON ON HIS WAY TO PAR-IS.

po-le-on, who still clung to hope, spoke of bright days to come. But sad news came, day by day. The French troops left here and there to hold places, were forced to yield. The Al-lies swarmed on all sides. They marched on to the Rhine. They were at the doors of France. Na-po-le-on sought to rouse the men in Par-is by this news.

“Why should not the truth be told,” he cried. “Wel-ling-ton is in France, and ye do not rise. Shame! All must march.”

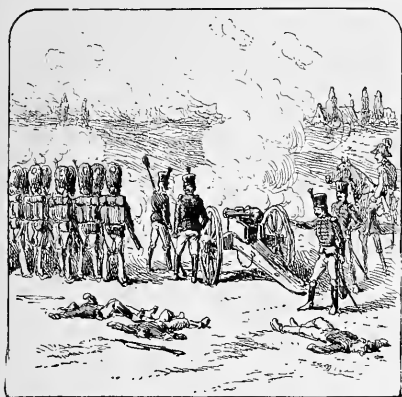
He longed for peace, but he would not let France

lose, for the sake of it, all she had gained in the long wars. The Al-lies had crossed the Rhine, and Na-po-le-on made haste to go out with what force he could get, to meet them. It was their plan to march to Par-is. They had such hosts of troops, that the French lost heart. They begged Na-po-le-on to give up all, and make peace on what terms he could. The Al-lies asked that France should give up all that had been gained in the wars. But Na-po-le-on would not yield yet. He said, "No, no, we must not think of this just now. I will beat Blu-cher. Then we will see what shall be done."

His words came true. He did beat Blu-cher, but he had not the troops to go on with the work. He rode in the thick of the balls, and when his friends begged him to take more care of his life, he smiled, and said, "Have no fear; the ball which is to kill me is not yet cast."

Na-po-le-on's name was still a great force in the land. With his small band, he drove the Al-lies to flight. He could say with joy, "I have saved Par-is." He had but put off the hour of his doom.

Once more the Al-lies, with fresh troops, turned their march to Par-is. Na-po-le-on made haste with what



THE DE-FENCE OF PAR-IS.

men were left to him, to head them off. But the Al-lies were near the town. The French sought to keep them out, and made a brave stand, but their ranks were cut to bits, and they fled back to the streets of the town. They fought as they went, step by step.

The Em-press, with some of the chief men, fled to Blois. Her child, but three years old, did not wish to go. "No, no," he said, "I do not want to leave my home." He was told that it was but for a short time, and that they would soon bring him back. He went in tears, and that was the last he saw of it, or Par-is.

Na-po-le-on, when he heard that Par-is had been forced to yield, seemed stunned by the blow. Cold drops of sweat stood on his brow. He paced the ground with quick steps, then cried out "Where is my wife? where is my son? Where is the Guard of Par-is, who were to have fought till the last man fell."

The Al-lies swarmed in the streets of Par-is. There

was no hope. Na-po-le-on, in this hour, felt that his cause was lost. But the Al-lies sent word that if he gave up his crown to his son, there might still be peace.

“That is to say they will not treat with me,” said Na-po-le-on. They mean to drive me from my throne.”

He hid his face in his hands. Then he said, “No, my brave troops call on me to lead them to Par-is. I will do it.” But all his chiefs felt that the cause was lost. They were not with him, and he gave up the plan. He was calm and firm, but great grief was in his heart. He wrote down, with his own hand, that he would leave France if the throne would be kept for his son. “Get the best terms you can for France,” he said, “as for me, I ask nought.”

By the time this act reached the Al-lies, things had changed. Mar-mont, who had charge of the French troops at Par-is, had been false to his trust, and led his men in the lines of the Al-lies. When they found that he gave them up to the foe, a roar of rage went up from them.

The Al-lies were now so strong that they felt no fear, and would hear no terms. They asked that Na-po-le-on should give up the throne at once. When this news was brought to Na-po-le-on, his pride rose. He called

his chiefs, and told them that he would lead them once more if their hearts were with him. But they were cold. Then he sat down and wrote as the Allies wished. He gave up the throne of France. That part of the French, who wished the old line of kings brought back, hailed this news with great joy. Napoleon was in the hands of the Allies, and they fixed his fate. He was to be sent to the Isle of El-ba, which should be his own for life. A sum was set, that should be his, to keep up his court there.

When the Emperor heard the terms, he seemed struck with death. He writhed in pain. Big drops oozed from his brow. His eyes grew dull and glazed. Groans burst from him that he strove to check in vain. He thought the time had come for him to die, and he was glad to go. But the pain passed, and he slept. When he saw the light of the day, he said, "God means that I shall live. I could not die."

Then he said to a friend, "There have been times in the last few days when I thought I should go mad. That is past. I will sign the deed."

Once that was done, Napoleon was in haste to go. He could not bear to breathe the air of that France which was so dear to him. He knew that hosts of

those who had seemed to be his friends, had gone to the side of his foes, and his heart was sore.

His wife did not join him at El-ba. He could not see her, or the boy he loved so well. He still thought she would come, and spoke of a home in El-ba, where he might find some peace with his wife and son.

He spoke to his troops as he took leave, and to his Old Guard. "I leave you," he said. "Grieve not for my lot. I would I could press you all to my heart."

There were loud sobs from some of the men, and a moan ran through the ranks.

Na-po-le-on turned, with bowed head, and tears in his

eyes. He thought of Josephine in this last hour. He wrote to her. Her grief was great, and she would have been glad to have flown to his side. But that was not her place now. She was ill, too, and four weeks from the time Na-po-le-on went to El-ba, she died. Her last words were "Isle of El-ba. Na-po-le-on."



NA-PO-LE-ON AT EL-BA.

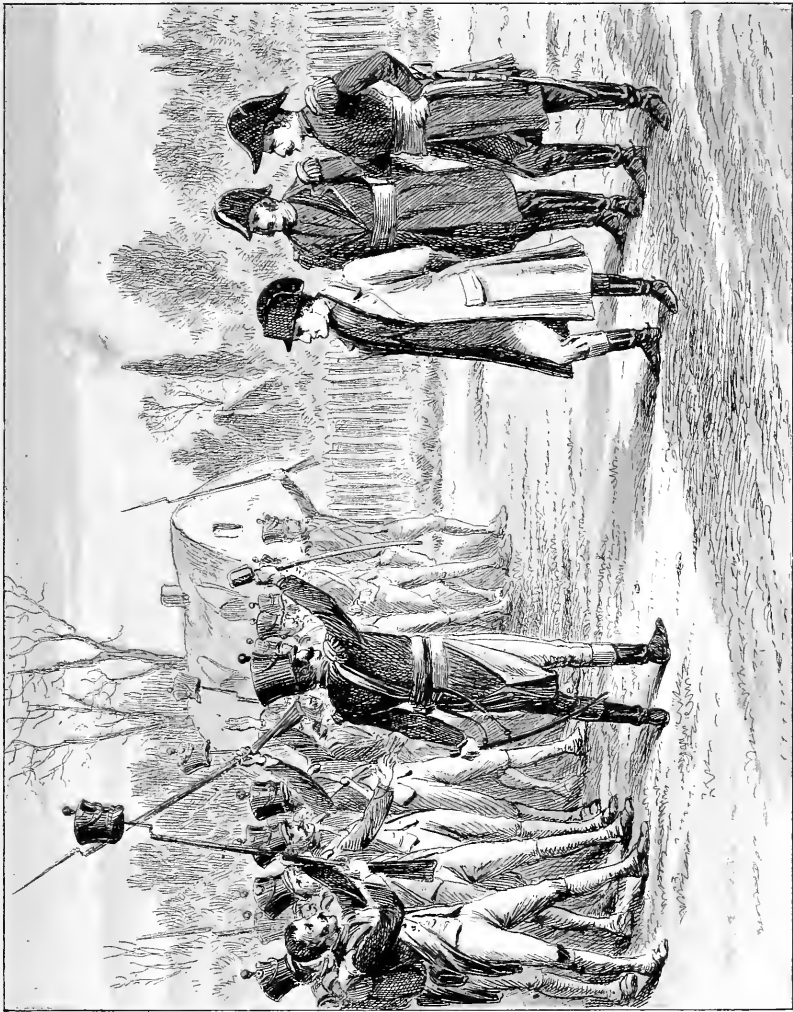
The Em-per-or's new home was an isle in the sea, ten scores of miles from the coast of France. This isle was to be his own, his new realm. Mad-ame Bo-na-parte and Paul-ine came to share his home. Lou-is XVII. was now king of France. He was old, and fat, and had the gout, so that he could scarce walk. The mass of the Par-is-ians could not bear him. Their name for him was "the hog." He gave up all the Al-lies asked, and the French felt deep shame, as they thought of all they had lost. Na-po-le-on still reigned in their hearts. News came to him, that they would rise and hail him with joy, if he could come back. He took a day to think of it, and then made up his mind to dare all.

He set off with the men he had in three ships. A fine breeze soon blew them to the coast of France. When they saw the blue hills of France rise from the waves, their joy was great. Shouts went up, and hats and caps waved in the air. They reached a lone beach, and set out on their march. The news soon spread, and men flocked to him. There was a burst of joy from all sides. With shouts and tears the men came to his ranks, and begged to fight with him. The troops that were sent out to stop his way, were at last in sight. Na-po-le-on bid his men to halt, and he rode on to meet

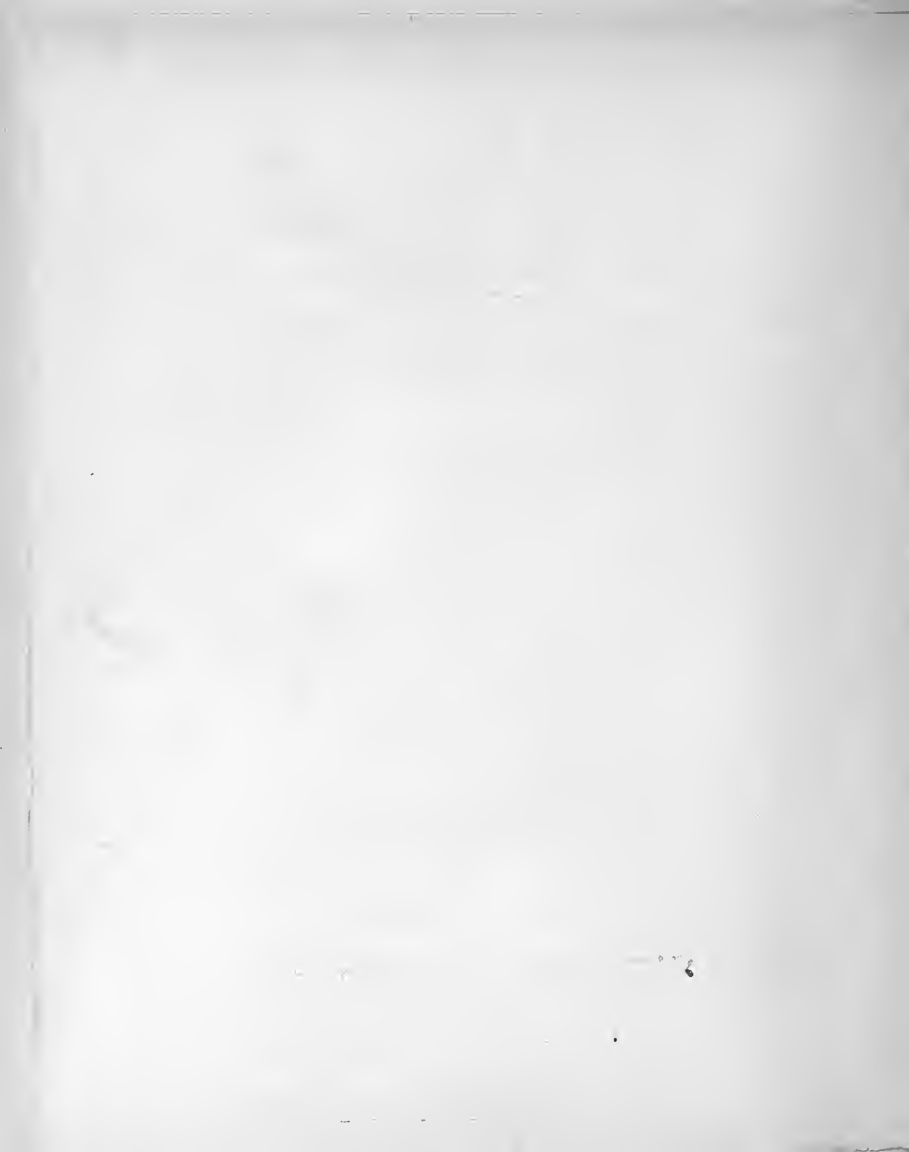
them. He stood there a mark for each gun. The chief told his men to fire, and the men raised their guns.

Na-po-le-on walked a few steps to meet them, and then stopped, laid bare his breast, and said, "Men, if there is one who wants to kill his Em-per-or, let him do it. Here I am."

For a space, all was still as the grave. Then the guns fell, and tears rushed to the mens' eyes. One voice cheered for Na-po-le-on. At that word all rushed to his side with shouts of joy. They showed the Em-per-or that there was no lead in their guns. On all his march, throngs came to him, and his foes fled. Men and their wives, girls and boys, marched with the troops, and sang songs of joy. The whole of Par-is, like the waves of the sea, rolled out on the streets, and quays, and squares. The sol-diers broke their ranks, and flocked to his side. King Lou-is fled, and called on the Al-lies to help him. The crowd cheered and yelled with joy. At last they seized Na-po-le-on, and bore him in their arms in to his old home. Thus, in three weeks, he had made his way through France, and had not once drawn his sword. He strove to show that he bore no grudge to those who had left him in his hour of need. The Al-lies once more joined to crush out



XII.-THE RE-TURN TO PAR-IS. NA-PO-LE-ON MEET-ING THE TROOPS.



this man whom they feared so much. Once more the Em-per-or had to call on the French to fall in rank, and face a host of foes. Then the storm of war burst on France.

CHAPTER XIV.

W A - T E R - L O O .

WEL-LING-TON and Blu-cher had a large force at - rus-sels. Na-po-le-on had raised all the men he could to meet them. Rus-sia's troops were on the march to help the Al-lies. From the foot of the Alps came the host of Aus-tri-a, and from Swit-zer-land marched the troops, that the Al-lies had forced to join them. Eng-land, the queen of the sea, put forth all her strength.

Na-po-le-on was in need of a brave heart, and a cool head for this hour. Some of his best friends were gone. Some of the men who had helped him win his great fights were dead. Jo-se-phine was dead. Ma-ri-a Lou-ise and his loved son were in the hands of the Al-lies. The plan that seemed best to him, was to take the Al-lies in parts. He thought of a good place to plant his troops,

where he hoped he could cut Wel-ling-ton off from Blu-cher.

The whole night of the 11th of June, 1815, the Em-per-or did not sleep. He spent it with his friends, whom he left in charge at Par-is. When he took leave of them, he said, "I go this night. Do your part, and we will try to do ours."

At three o'clock, just at the dawn of day, the Em-per-or went down the stairs, and left his home for the last time. He stopped at the foot of the stairs, and cast a sad glance at the scenes he was to see no more. He drove all that day, and the next night, to the spot where his troops were in camp. He was met with shouts from all. With a few words of cheer, he stirred all their hearts. They rushed to him, raised their caps on their swords, and rent the air with shouts. In an hour all were on the march. But one of his head men, Gen-er-al Bour-mont, was so base as to leave him, and take to the Al-lies the news of his whole line of march. When Na-po-le-on heard this, he did not show how much he felt it. He was cool and calm, and changed in some parts his plan, so that his foes should not know his moves. Ney was told to go with his troops, to a spot where two roads met, on the way to Brus-sels. It

was named *Quatre Bras*, which means "four arms." When the Em-per-or heard that Ney had done this, he meant to leave there a small force to beat back the Prus-sians, while, with the rest of his men, he would cut up Wel-ling-ton's force at Brus-sels. Then he would turn back, and make short work of Blu-cher.

But Blu-cher had heard all that Na-po-le-on meant to do, from Bour-mont, and met him with a large force. All day long the fight went on, but at night the French held the field. If Gen-er-al Ney had joined them then, Wa-ter-loo would not have been fought.

But the night when Ney was to go to his post was a dark one, with floods of rain, and roads deep in mire. The men were worn out with two days' march, so Ney thought that there would be no harm in a rest till day dawned. He sent word to the Em-per-or that he had "*Quatre Bras*," for he was so sure he would get it. The men lay down on the wet sods, and slept. They did not think that those few hours of sleep would cast down the throne of Na-po-le-on.

While these men slept on the drenched ground, Wel-ling-ton was at a grand ball at Brus-sels. In the midst of the dance, some one came to him, and said in a low voice, "Na-po-le-on is but ten miles off!"

The news spread like wild fire. The dance stopped, there was a rush from the place, and Wel-ling-ton called

his men "to arms." Drums beat, and in less than an hour, a great host rode through the dark and storm swept streets of Brus-sels. The night was black as ink. For three days the roads had been drenched with rain. The roads were deep in mire. Wel-ling-ton made for the spot, which Ney had been



"TO ARMS," "TO ARMS!"

told to hold, and throw up his field works. When day dawned, Ney found that the foe held Quatre Bras, and that he had small chance to win it from them. Na-po-le-on, who thought that Ney had this post, as he had sent him word, now had need of him to help cut off Blu-cher. He sent word to him to leave a small force at the post, and come to his aid. "The fate of France," said the Em-per-or, "*is in your hands.*" If Ney had not failed in this hour, Blu-cher's force would have been cut to bits. The next day Na-po-le-on would have met

Wel-ling-ton, and there is small doubt that he would have won the day.

But Ney could give no help. He had to fight all day, for Wel-ling-ton's men kept on, and held Quatre Bras. When he saw how the foe had massed his troops in the strong place he had hoped to hold, he was wild with grief.

"You see these balls," he said to a friend, when he saw how his ranks were torn by the shot from the English, "would to God they had passed through my heart." He rode here and there in mad haste. "One more charge," he would cry. "Dash at the heart of the English troops and break them, cost what it may. I am with you."

They plunged in the dense masses of the foe in vain. Then came a storm of balls, shells and grape shot, that swept down horse and man.

Na-po-le-on knew that Ney meant no wrong, though his rest that night, when he should have marched, had lost him the day. He sent him a kind word, and took steps to do the best he could.

Night fell, and still the storm raged. Day came, with clouds and rain. The French troops were so worn down by all they had gone through, that they could not keep

the Prus-sians in sight. Wel-ling-ton made a halt on the field of Wa-ter-loo, nine miles from Brus-sels. Here he picked out his ground, and posted his men. Blu-cher was a few miles off with his men.

All night long the rain fell. The Em-per-or took no rest or food. His clothes were soaked with rain, but he did not seek warmth where his drenched troops were, near the fires.

Wel-ling-ton had his men posted on a piece of high ground, a mile and a half in length. A dense wood was in his rear, where the ground sloped off. This wood and slope hid from view, all but those who stood on the brow of the hill.

Na-po-le-on placed his men on a slope that matched this, and so the night wore on. The dawn came. The sun did not try to shine at first, but at eight, the light broke through the thick clouds. The vast field of Wa-ter-loo, plowed and sown with grain, then soaked by the rains of the past week, and cut up by the tramp of all the troops, was like a great ditch. The horses sank to their knees in the wet soil. The wheels of the guns rolled deep in the mire, and would scarce turn. The French had to toil on, up and down the slope, in the face of a fire from the whole lines of the Eng-lish.

Na-po-le-on sent for his chief men, and told them how he wished them to act. "The foe has a fourth more menth an we have," he said, "but I think that we will win." Mar-shal Ney came just then, and said, "The Eng-lish are in flight. I have seen their troops move to the woods."

Na-po-le-on said, "You have seen wrong. It is too late for Wel-ling-ton to take such a step. He has thrown the dice, they are now for us."

The Em-per-or rode through the lines. All eyes were turned on him. Each said in his heart, "God bless him." At such a time they shared the same soul, and the same cause. Cheers burst from the lips of that great host.

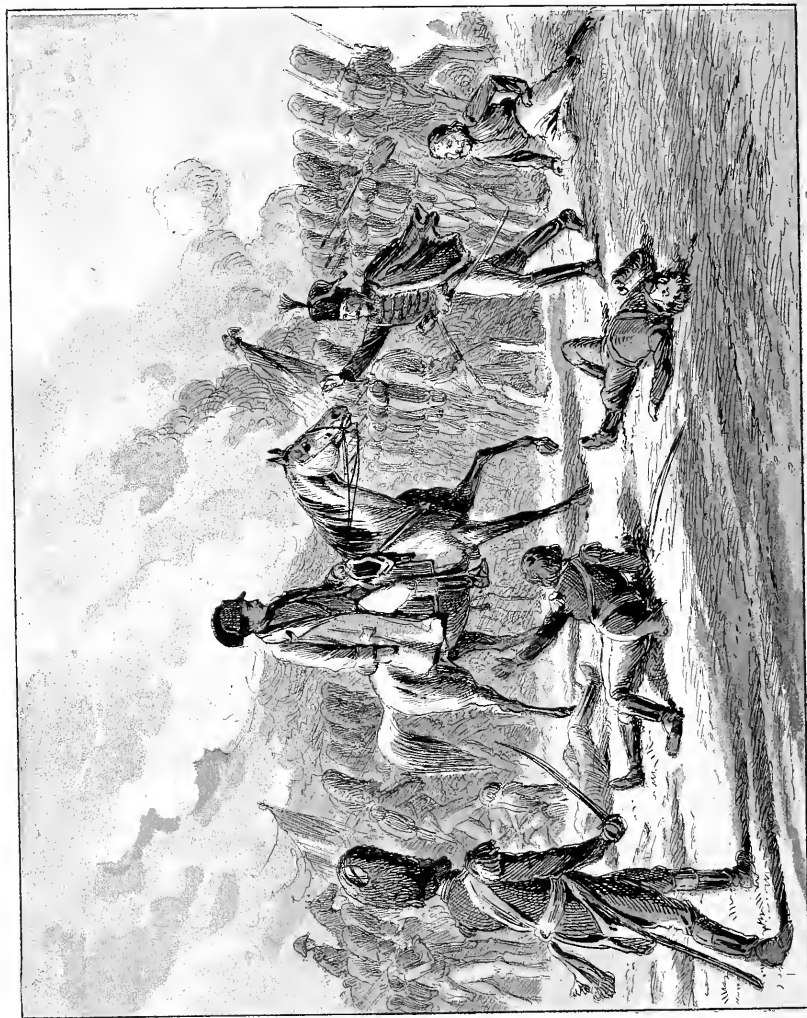
Then came the fight. On each side all was done that man could do to win. Hour by hour the French troops, with the cry of "Live the Em-pèr-or," rushed up to the mouths of the Eng-lish guns, and were cut down like grass by a scythe. For hours the whole field was swept by a storm of balls, shells and shot. In the mire, stained with blood, lay heaps of the slain, and those who were soon to die. The flash of the guns, the crash of the fire, the groans and shrieks of the wounded, the dense clouds of smoke that wrapped the

plain in the gloom of night, the wild flight of some, the cry of those who chased them, all made up a scene of woe on that dread day of blood. At one time, Wellington's force gave way, and Na-po-le-on felt sure that the day was won. But all at once he saw a mass move out of the woods, and make for this plain. He thought the troops were French at first, but soon found it was Blu-cher and his men.

Na-po-le-on's troops plunged in the ranks of these new foes, and drove them back to the woods. He kept his eye fixed on a point, from which he hoped help would come. The Em-per-or had sent word to Mar-shal Grou-chy to come and help him, but he did not get it. Some say he was false to the cause, for he heard the noise of the fight, and his men wished and begged him to go, but he would not. They said to him, "There is a fight, there can be no doubt of it. We ought to march to the place. If we turn to the left, we shall be on the field in two hours"

But Grou-chy would not move. The Em-per-or was now to make a charge with his Old Guard, which had not been known to fail, and they thought the day was won. Loud shouts of "Live the Em-per-or" rang through the lines, and was heard by the foe, in spite





XIII.—THE BATTLE OF WATER-LOO.

of the roar of the fight. Some of the troops of Wel-ling-ton took fright, as they heard it, and rushed from the field.

Wel-ling-ton stood on a hill, and watched for Blu-cher. He knew he could not hold out long. His lines seemed to melt from his sight. He looked at his watch, and then fixed his gaze on the far off hills, as he sighed, "Would to God Blu-cher or night would come."

Just then, when Na-po-le-on gave the word for a grand charge from his whole force, two long, dark lines of men were seen on the hills. They rushed down on the flank of Na-po-le-on's worn out troops. This new foe was as great as his whole force. Blu-cher was in the midst with his men. This was like a bolt of fate, and the doom of France seemed sure.

But the Old Guard stood firm. For eight hours they fought on. Not a drum beat the charge, not a cheer went up as they pierced the Brit-ish lines. Ney had five horses shot, and then he fought on foot, sword in hand, at the head of his men. Na-po-le-on gazed on this brave band, till they were lost from his sight in a cloud of smoke.

Then the Prus-sians rushed on the field. A gust of wind swept off the smoke, and Na-po-le-on looked for



THE CHARGE OF MU-RAT'S CAV-AL-RY AT WA-TER-LOO.

his Guard. It was gone! Struck down, as it were, to a man, they lay bathed in their blood. Then Na-po-le-on grew as pale as death. The troops saw the Guard was gone, and fear struck each heart. Wel-ling-ton and Blu-cher met, and shook hands with joy, on the field of blood. Na-po-le-on formed a small square, and urged it on through the throngs of the foe. He wished to die with his Old Guard, but his friends seized the reins of his horse, and held him back. They said to him, "Sire, death shuns you, they will but take you, and hold you." Na-po-le-on shook his head, and pressed on, but

he seemed to think, all at once, that he had no right to throw down his life in such a way. With tears in his eyes, and grief in his heart, he looked his last at the brave men, who kept their faith and love for him to their last breath. Then he turned, put spurs to his horse, and rode from the field.

The square he had formed, the last bit of the Old Guard, kept up a brave fight. A storm of balls fell on it, but it did not break. As death thinned its ranks, it closed up, and fought on. Gen-er-al Cam-bronne, who led it, bled from six wounds. A few score of men clung round him. The Eng-lish sent a flag of truce, but Gen-er-al Cam-bronne, gave back the brave words that fame has kept since that day,

“The Old Guard dies, it does not yield.”

A few more rounds of shot, and all were mowed down. Thus fought and fell, on the field of Wa-ter-loo, the Old Guard of Na-po-le-on. It had been formed by him, he had breathed in it his own soul, and it did not choose to live, when his cause, and that of France, were lost.

Blu-cher, with his band, kept up the work of death all night. Na-po-le-on, with the men left to him, made



PUR-SUED BY PRUS-SIAN CAV-AL-RY.

rested for a while. His men strayed in from the flight, all worn out, and stained with blood and dirt. Tears came to Na-po-le-on's eyes as he saw them. He sent word to Par-is of the sad end of the long fight. "Here," he said to his chief, "I wish you to read this. If I have left out aught, you must tell me. I will not hide the truth. France must know the whole truth. I might throw part of the blame on Mar-shal Ney, but that can not be helped now, and no more must be said.

his way to Par-is. At four, he reached Quatre Bras. He stopped there for an hour. It was a bright night, the moon shone, and there was not a cloud in the sky. The Em-per-or urged on his horse all night. He could hear the shots of the Prus-sians in his rear all the time. In the dawn he stopped and

CHAPTER XV.

ST. HELENA.

IT was late in the night when Na-po-le-on reached Par-is. He did not go to his grand home, the place where kings had dwelt, but to one that was not so large, which he had in the E-ly-see. A few friends stood there, with lit torches, to greet him. He was so weak, he could scarce walk. His cheek was pale, his head drooped, and his limbs failed him. He dropped on a couch, and pressed his hand on his heart. He mourned for his lost troops, and for his Old Guard, which had been the pride of his life. "My pain is here," he said, "my men fought well, but my brave Guard has been cut to pieces, and I have not died with them. But I feel that I have had my death wound."

He tried to sleep, but could not. He soon rose, and called for his friend, Cu-lain-court. He talked to him of the blow to France. "It is my death blow," he said. "The foe had four times our force. Then Bour-mont's base deed forced me to change my plans. To go to the foe on the eve of a fight! The blood of the French slain is on his head, the curse of his land will fall on him."

Par-is was in a state of great fright. They knew that a vast host, the joined troops, of the Al-lies, was on its way, and might be in the midst of them in a few hours. "France must pass through seas of blood," said some, "to keep out these hordes, but the Al-lies make war on Na-po-le-on. If we give him up, we will save our lives, and save France. Then we can choose an Em-per-or, or have a free state as we like."

La-fay-ette, a great man, was no friend of kings, and there were those who held the same views as he did. Then, there were the Bour-bons, who hoped, if Na-po-le-on fell, to have a chance to bring back the old line of kings.

The friends of Na-po-le-on lost heart, and bowed to the storm, but the great mass of the folk was with him. They would crowd round the E-ly-see, and fill the air with shouts of "Live the Em-per-or." The trees, the walls, the roofs, were full of those who came to catch a glimpse of him. They would have fought for him, but he saw he could not hope for the rest. He would not have scenes of blood to gain his own ends. If he could not save France, then all was lost.

He could have thrown down those who were not for him, if he had armed the poor folk of Par-is, but he

said, "No, not one life shall be lost for me. I have not come back from El-ba to drench Par-is in blood."

Few slept in Par-is the night of the 21st of June, 1815. Men surged through the streets, and cried for arms, to fight for their Em-per-or and France. The Al-lies were more near by a day's march. Had the word been said, all might have been saved. There is small doubt all would have moved, as one man, to keep out the foe.

But the De-pu-ties met, and passed a vote to ask Na-po-le-on to give up the throne of France. They told him the war was made on him, that the Al-lies would be friends to France. He could save her.

He took a pen and wrote, "Men of France, I made this war in the trust that all would join with me. But things seem changed. I am told the Al-lies do not hate France, but me. Then I give up my own wishes for the sake of France, that no more blood may be shed. I give up my place to my son. Let him be known as Na-po-le-on II., Em-per-or of the French."

When this act was read, more than one shed tears. They sent their great men to bear their thanks to Na-po-le-on, who had saved their land.

It was night. The Em-per-or was in his room, which

was lit by a few wax lights. He met the men with a grave face, and heard what they had to say.

"I thank you," he said, "for your kind words. I hope this may be for the good of France, but I do not think it will be. It leaves the State with no head. The time spent to crush me, might have been used to put the foe to flight. If you want peace, put all things in shape for war. Do not be the dupe of your hopes. If I see France in peace, I shall be glad. I leave my son to France."

The dawn came. The Al-lies were still on the march. No one seemed to know what step to take. The Bour-bons thought their chance had come. Na-po-le-on said, "The De-pu-ties will soon bring back the Bour-bons by their acts. These men will soon shed tears of blood."

Hor-tense was at Mal-mai-son, and the Em-per-or went there. He strayed, with sad thoughts, through the rooms and the paths where he had once walked with Jo-se-phine. He did not know where he should go to spend the rest of his life, but thought of the U-ni-ted States. He said, "Now they give me up to save France, the time may come when they will give up France to save their own lives."

To Hor-tense, he said, "I will not go to Aus-tri-a.

She has seized my wife and my son. Nor will I go to Rus-sia, but I will trust Eng-land. I mean the folk of Eng-land.

Some of his friends begged him not to trust Eng-land, and the A-mer-i-cans in Par-is sent him word, that he would find warm friends in A-mer-i-ca. A guard was sent to lead him to the ship. At the last hour, what was left of his troops sent word, that if he would take the lead, they could still beat back the foe.

He thought for a time, and then said, "Give them thanks for me, but what could I do if all France were not with me?"

The Al-lies were now but two days march from Par-is. Na-po-le-on could hear the sound of their guns. He wished them to try and beat back the foe, and sent word he would, at least, help make them give good terms of peace. But the De-pu-ties would not hear of this, so he said, "Let me go then at once. I am tired of Par-is. I am tired of France. I am tired of my own self."

The day of the 29th of June dawned. It was bright and clear. The parks, the walks at Mal-mai-son, were bathed in light. The Em-per-or sat in his room, worn with care and grief.

Hor-tense, with tears in her eyes, did all that her love prompted, for one who had been so kind to her.

Na-po-le-on said to his friend, Cu-lain-court, "I wished to wait a few days, when I heard the roar of those guns. I do not care to reign. I want no more of that. I am no more an Em-per-or, but when I thought of my troops, with no one to lead them, my blood boiled. I wished for a brave death, with my dear troops. But they will not let me! That would spoil their plans. France has been sold! They give her up, and do not strike one blow to save her. Oh, my brave men, if you could have seen them at Wa-ter-loo, how they pressed on the foe, how they kept on when all was lost, and sought to meet death on the field."

He could say no more. The tramp of horses was heard in the court yard. The hour had come. He took leave of his friends, and turned a last look on the scenes that had been so dear to him. On all his way, men came out and begged him to let them fight with him. Cries and shouts went up for him when he was seen, till he reached the sea, where he was to take ship for the new world.

But there was a plot not to let the Em-per-or go. The Eng-lish fleet was there, and sent him word that



GO-ING ON BOARD THE BRIT-ISH MAN OF WAR.

if he would go to Eng-land, he might pass out, but he could go no where else. He talked with his friends, and they, for the most part, thought he might trust Eng-land. He went on board the Eng-lish ship of his own free will. But spite of this, he was held, when he landed on Eng-land's coast, and told that they would not let him go free. They fixed on St.

He-le-na, a lone isle in the sea, where he was to live, cut off from the world, and all dear to him. They still feared him so much, that they made up their minds that he should not have more chances to fight them. It was a great blow to Na-po-le-on when he first heard of his doom, and knew that he was not a free man. But he grew calm. He felt that the way he had been trapped by the Eng-lish was a base act, and he said so, but he showed no fear.

Four of his friends said they would go with him to St. He-le-na and share his lot. As they set sail, they saw

the coast of France far off, and a cry, "France! France!" burst from them. The Em-per-or took off his hat, and cried, "Land of the Brave, good bye; good bye." At the end of ten days, some one cried, "Land! Land!" They saw a bleak and storm-drenched rock, black peaks and bare hills, where on each shelf in the rocks guns were planted. St. He-le-na is but ten miles long and six broad, and the hot sun beats down on it with fierce rays.



FARE-WELL TO FRANCE.

As Na-po-le-on walked up the poor street to the room where a camp bed had been placed for him, he was calm and sad.

On the bare rock, three miles from the small town, was a poor hut in the midst of crags and peaks of rocks. A few gnarled gum trees grew there, but that was all. This hut was to be the home of Na-po-le-on. It had been put in shape and a few things placed in it. This was his goal and his tomb. There was an Eng-lish guard to watch him all the time, and at last he would not

ride out. His friend, Las Cas-as, wrote for him hours each day, the tale of his life and wars. In the course of time a new house was built—a long, low house of wood—to which the Em-per-or moved from the poor hut. The guard of the Eng-lish were at all times on hand, and this was gall to the proud heart of Na-po-le-on. He stayed more and more in his own rooms, and his health grew poor. Sir Hud-son Low, who was in charge of the place, hated Na-po-le-on, and showed his hate in all ways. Years passed of this sad, lone life, and the Em-per-or pined and grew more ill.

One by one, his dear friends were sent from him. His health grew worse, and he kept his room. Days and weeks of pain passed on, and one day his friends found him on his bed. He could scarce be roused. Chills shook his frame, and each day he grew more weak. The sixth year of his sad life eame, and he felt that now his time was short. Storm and rain swept the bleak rocks. Na-po-le-on could not sleep. Pain seized him and he had no strength left. He longed but for rest. He said: “Oh! what a thing rest is. I would not give my bed for all the thrones of the world.” He grew so weak that when he tried to walk his limbs bent with his weight. He spoke of his son whom he could

not hope to see, and of Ma-ri-a Lou-is-a. He wrote his will, and said that he died in the faith of Christ. He talked much to his friends, of what they should say to his son, when they saw him. He wrote: "It is my wish that I should rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of those I have loved so well." He felt that his



DEATH OF NA-PO-LE-ON.

end drew near. The blow was struck and death was at hand. He told his priest that he wished him to say Mass for him each day. He grew more ill, and his mind roamed to old scenes. Once more he was on the field of war with his troops. He would shout to them: "Press the charge—they

are ours!" Once he sprang from the bed, and fell on the floor.

When his mind came back, he looked at his friends and said: "I am ill; the hour of my death is here." He asked them to let him breathe the fresh air. He was racked with pain. All in the house came to look on his face for the last time. They seized his hands and

kissed them with tears. At six in the day his eyes were fixed, but a smile of peace was on his face as he breathed his last. "France—Jo-se-phine," were his last words.

Sir Hud-son Low would not let the corpse be borne to the Isle of Cor-si-ca, where the great man had been born, that it might be laid at rest with his friends. He

said the grave must be made at St. He-le-na. All the folks of the isle, in a long train, walked to the place that had been picked out for the grave. There was a stone marked with Na-po-le-on's name, the date of his birth and death, placed on the spot. That was all!



GRAVE OF NA-PO-LE-ON AT ST. HE-LE-NA.

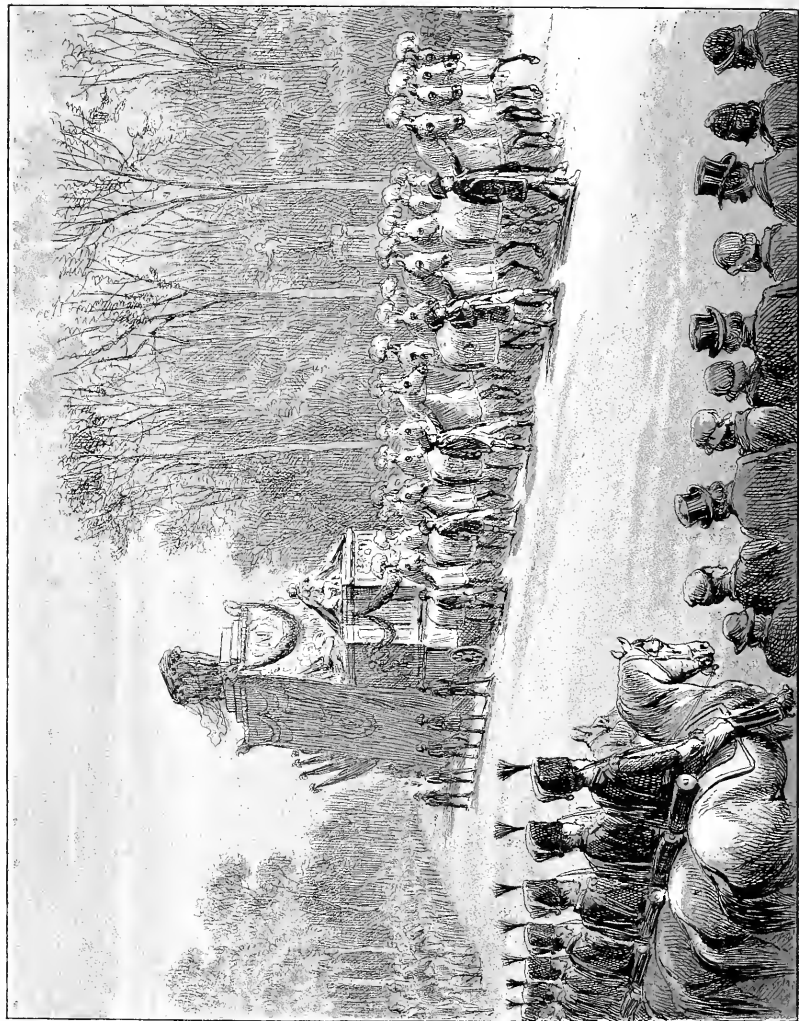
But there came a day, nine years from that time, when France said that her great dead must be brought back to her. Lou-is Phil-ippe had to give heed to that call. The dead Na-po-le-on was sent for with great pomp. The Eng-lish ships-of-war met the French near St. He-le-na, and those, charged with the task, took

their way to that lone grave. At last the earth was dug from the vault, and the slab raised. Most of those who looked on shed tears. For when the lids were raised from the cases of wood, and tin, and lead, they saw the dead face, and it was not much changed. The Em-per-or looked as if he but slept.

The corpse was placed in the strong box that had been sent for it from Par-is. A rich pall, worked with bees, in gold, and the crown of the Em-per-ors of France was laid on the bier. A storm broke out as they bore the corpse to the rock bound coast. Yet the folks of St. He-le-na marched on through the rain, from the tomb to the ships. They had hung crape on their stores and homes, and put their flags at half-mast. The crowd bowed their heads as the Eng-lish gave up all that was left of the great Na-po-le-on, and the Flag he had loved, waved o'er him once more.

The folk from all parts of France flocked to Rou-en to see the ships sail by. The banks of the stream were hung with wreaths, and seats were raised, tier on tier, and hung with rich silks, where some could sit and see the sight. A great arch spanned the stream. It was draped with silk, on which bees were worked in gold thread.





XV.-BRINGING THE RE-MAINS OF NA-PO LE-ON TO PAR-IS.

The ships stood still for a while at the arch, and a great peal went out from the guns. Men wept for joy that the Em-per-or was once more in his own dear land. They cast wreaths on his bier, and the old cry of "Live the Em-per-or," went up in faint tones like a wail. The church bells tolled, and the bands played a dirge.

The banks of the Seine, as they sailed on, were lined with crowds to see the ships, and show their joy that the dead had come to his own once more.

At one place, the form of Jo-se-phine, carved in stone, stood on the shore as if to greet the Em-per-or. She was the one thought of in that hour, the true wife of Na-po-le-on. No one thought of Ma-ri-a Lou-is-a, who had left him in his hour of need.

All Par-is was roused, as the great dead was borne to his grand tomb. Bells tolled, and the air was full of dirges. Down the Seine sailed grand barges decked with silk and gold. Wax lights burned night and day on the bier. At the head of it, lay the Em-per-or's crown veiled in crape. A grand car had been built to bear the corpse to the Church of the In-val-ides, where it was to be laid. This car was drawn by coal black steeds draped with cloth of gold down to their feet. Plumes of white decked their heads and manes. The

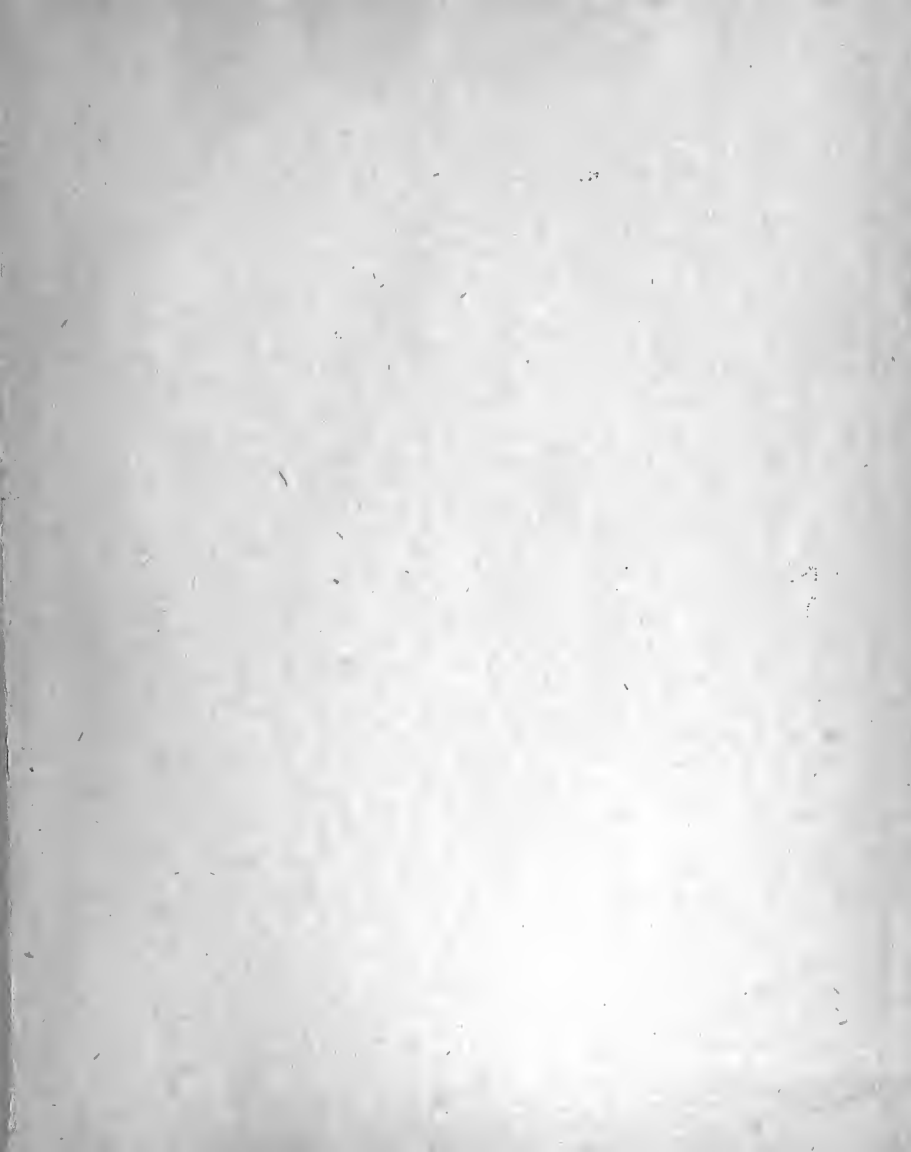
few men who were left from Na-po-le-on's Old Guard, bore the bier through the aisle of the Church. All rose and bowed their heads to the great dead. The King and Queen of France were there.

"To you," said the Prince to Lou-is Phil-ippe, "I give the dead Em-per-or, Na-po-le-on."

"I take the gift, in the name of France," said the King.

Then he took from the hand of Mar-shal Soult, Na-po-le-on's sword, and gave it to one of his chief men. "I charge you," said he, "to lay this sword on the Em-per-or's bier."

The sad notes of the dirge filled the grand aisles, and swelled up to the great dome. So Na-po-le-on was brought back at last, to the land he loved so well, and rests with the friends who were so dear to him.





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